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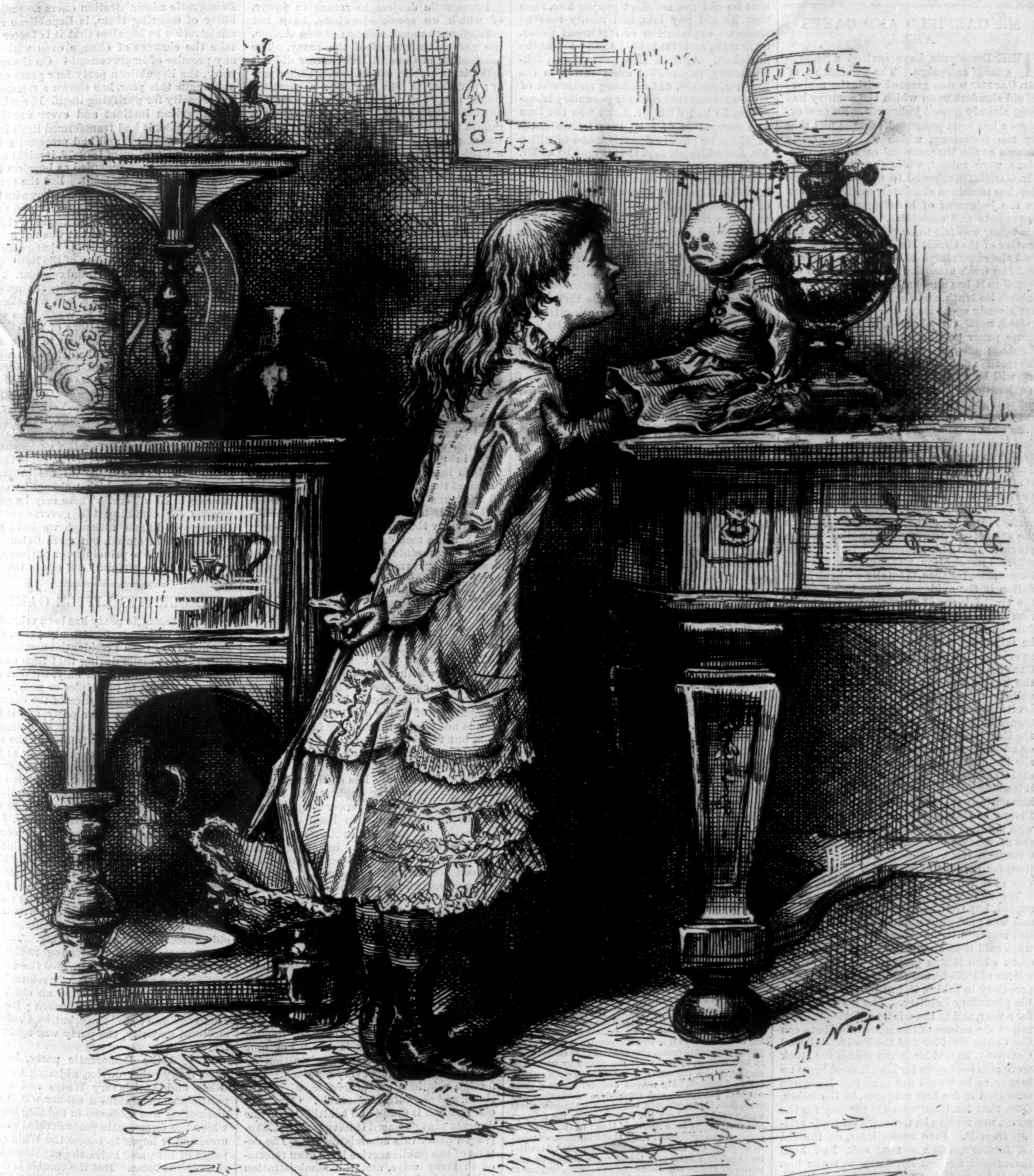


BABY POLITICS.

THE BLOATED RAG-BABY OWNER. "Now that we're going to choose another President, you'll be talked about so much that you'll grow quite stuck up again."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 17, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Number 36 of Harper's Young People, *issued July 6, contains, among other attractions, an entertaining story entitled "The Mohawk Bowmen," illustrated; "Morning Sights and Sounds from a Window in Jerusalem;" a pretty poem with a pretty illustration, called "The Wonderful Nest"; Chapter Six of "The Moral Pirates," illustrated; "The Roverings' Fourth;" "How to Build a Steam-Yacht," illustrated; "Old Times in the Colonies," No. 2, illustrated; "Humpty Dumpty and the Magic Fire-Crackers;" the conclusion of "Miss Van Winkle's Nap"; a page of illustrated "Jingles"; the Post-office Box, Puzzles, etc.*

MR. GARFIELD AND OAKES AMES.

The Democrats have invited a "blackguard" campaign. The nomination of Mr. Garfield was greeted with the revival of old slanders upon which the country had long already passed judgment. No new evidence has been presented, and the fact that by the testimony, which was universally known at the time, several eminent reputations were ruined, while the character of Mr. Garfield, exposed to the same pitiless fire, has remained absolutely unstained even in the judgment of his strongest political opponents and associates, is the proof that his honor was felt to be untouched. In the matter of the Crédit Mobilier he has always told the same simple straightforward story, and the fresh attention which has been directed to it has unquestionably served to establish its truth, and the malignant slander has already spent its force. It will appear, indeed, until the election, in every Democratic paper and document, and it will be shouted from every Democratic stump. But the truth is now known, and the Democratic cry will be no more effective than the fury of exhausted dogs, which can make no sound, but still go through the motions of barking. They are of "no account" except as illustrations of impotent malice. It is unfortunate that many Republican papers have admitted weakness or ignorance upon the part of Mr. Garfield in relation to the matter, instead of studying the testimony in the light of his clear and unwavering explanation. Even the Poland committee, while asserting his perfect integrity and absolute freedom from the suspicion of corruption, implies that he prevaricated in his testimony. But the committee's implication, although it is the sole Democratic reliance, is totally without foundation in the evidence, except by assuming the truthfulness of Oakes Ames's recollection and his interpretation of the memorandum-book, although he frankly owned that he might be mistaken, as against the unswerving and simple statement of General Garfield, supported by his character and the known facts of his life, by every probability in the circumstances, and by the unhesitating evidence of Democrats. The evidence at the investigation is accessible, in the Congressional documents, to every reader, and it does not justify in the least degree the implication of the committee that General Garfield equivocated or falsified. Yet it is solely upon this report, which yet acquits him entirely of dishonesty, and upon the testimony of Oakes Ames, a confessed briber, who yet says that he may be mistaken, that the accusation of falsehood against General Garfield rests. This is the only accusation, for nobody accuses him of a corrupt vote or of enriching himself by corruption.

The charge really is not that he was corrupted, but that he agreed to be corrupted, and was paid $329, and then denied that he had received it. General Garfield has always said that he did not agree to take the stock when it was proposed to him in the winter of 1867–68, not that there was any impropriety in taking it, but because of possible pecuniary liability. The matter rested for a year, and in the winter of 1869–70, hearing of the nature of the connection between the Crédit Mobilier and the Pacific Railroad Company, he told Mr. Ames that if the stock were still held open for him, it need be so no longer, as he would not take it. Mr. Ames admitted in his first evidence, in December, 1872, that Mr. Garfield did not pay for the stock, nor receive it, nor any dividends arising from it. Five weeks later, on the 22d of January, after a new suit had been threatened against Mr. Ames to make him account for all the stock he had not sold, Mr. Ames testified that Mr. Garfield did agree to take stock, for which, however, Mr. Ames still admitted that Mr. Garfield never received certificates, nor gave any receipt. Mr. Ames further said that in the following June he paid Mr. Garfield $329, the balance of dividends after paying for the ten shares. He did not remember how he paid it, nor whether he told Mr. Garfield what it was for. He also asserted that Mr. Garfield, while the investigation was pending, had insisted that $2400 was still due to him. But Mr. Ames had thus far produced no paper whatever, and merely spoke from a memory which he admitted to be very defective. Finally, on the 11th of February, he produced a memorandum-book containing a calculation leaving a balance of $329, which Mr. Ames asserted that he had paid to Mr. Garfield as dividend. But of the payment there is no evidence whatever. There was only a draft of Mr. Ames upon the Sergeant-at-Arms, payable to "O. A. or bearer," which the cashier testified that he paid to Mr. Ames. There is no record, document, certificate, paper, or evidence of any kind whatever that Mr. Garfield ever owned any stock, or that $329 were paid to him as dividend, except that Mr. Ames says first that he did not recollect paying him, then that he did pay him, and finally that he made no explanation or statement to Mr. Garfield, and that he [Ames] might be mistaken. Against this loose, vague, contradictory, improbable asseveration is the uniform, simple, unhesitating statement of Mr. Garfield that the only pecuniary transaction he had with Mr. Ames was the loan and repayment of $300, the circumstances of which he plainly describes, and of which Mr. Ames himself says that it may be as Mr. Garfield states. And there is the further extraordinary fact that while Mr. Ames alleges Mr. Garfield to have been the owner of the stock, to whom dividends to a large amount were due, he agrees that Mr. Garfield never demanded nor received such dividends, although it is known that he has always been a poor man, and needed every honest dollar he could command. This is conclusive that Mr. Garfield never believed that he owned the stock, while there is no evidence whatever, except the allegation of a man who confesses that he may be mistaken, that Mr. Garfield received the $329.

The report of the Poland committee, so far as it implies that Mr. Garfield agreed to take the stock and receive the dividend balance of $329, is thus wholly unwarranted by the evidence, and rests solely upon the testimony of Mr. Ames. The authors of the report may have thought it necessary to show their impartiality by sacrificing some of their own party friends. But whatever the reason of their action, the whole case, so far as Mr. Garfield is concerned, is a question of veracity between him and Oakes Ames. Comparing Ames's testimony regarding Mr. Garfield with that in reference to others, it will be seen that when he testified from memory he acquitted Mr. Garfield entirely, and afterward, in every case except that of Mr. Garfield, he produced some documentary evidence, certificates of stock, receipts of money or dividends, checks bearing the full names or the initials of the persons to whom they purported to have been paid, or entries in his diary of accounts marked, "adjusted and closed." No such evidence, or any other but Mr. Ames's assertion and his diary was produced in Mr. Garfield's case, and nobody ever pretended or supposed that such evidence exists or ever existed. The admitted facts of the transaction, and the character of Mr. Garfield, never before or since impeached by friend or foe, and impeached in this case only by a man engaged in bribery, but who confesses that he may be mistaken, who can not explain why he did not give Mr. Garfield the stock which he says Mr. Garfield had paid for, and who does not pretend to say why Mr. Garfield did not ask for the rest of the money which was due to him, have already completely acquitted Mr. Garfield in every candid mind. The masterly, dispassionate, and conclusive review of the whole case, which Mr. Garfield published in May, 1873—a case which consists wholly of his word against that of Oakes Ames—concludes as follows:

> "If there be a citizen of the United States who is willing to believe that for $329 I have bartered away my good name, and to falsehood have added perjury, these pages are not addressed to him. If there be one who thinks that any part of my public life has been gauged on so low a level as these charges would place it, I do not address him. I address those who are willing to believe that it is possible for a man to serve the public without personal dishonor. I have endeavored, in this review, to point out the means by which the managers of a corporation, wearing the garb of honorable industry, have robbed and defrauded a great national enterprise, and attempted, by cunning and deception, for selfish ends, to enlist in its interest those who would have been the first to crush the attempt had their object been known. If any of the scheming corporations or corrupt rings that have done so much to disgrace the country by their attempts to control its legislation have ever found me a conscious supporter or ally in any dishonorable scheme, they are at full liberty to disclose it. In the discussion of the many grave and difficult questions of public policy which have occupied the thoughts of the nation during the last twelve years, I have borne some part, and I confidently appeal to the public records for a vindication of my conduct."

A HARD-MONEY DEMOCRAT.

Mr. English, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, is a "hard-money man." But he is no more a "hard-money man" than Mr. Garfield or Mr. Arthur, and his nomination does not obscure the fact that the danger to hard money has proceeded from the party that nominates him, while the true financial doctrine has been expounded by nobody in the country, early and late, more ably and strongly than by Mr. Garfield. He has done more than any man in Congress, and as much as any in the country, to instruct the public mind upon this question, and when the Democrats "point with pride" to their candidate for Vice-President as a "hard-money man," they merely yield a tardy homage, in their usual reluctant way, to Republican principles. Do they suppose that sensible voters imagine that Democratic financial administration would be sounder than Republican because Mr. English is a "hard-money man"?

Democratic devices to return to power, of which we speak elsewhere, have not heretofore changed, and do not now change, the general judgment of the party. The nomination of General McClellan did not make it, in public estimation, a Union party; nor that of Mr. Seymour a constitutional party; nor that of Mr. Greeley a patriotic party; nor that of Mr. Tilden a reform party. And the nomination of Mr. English as Vice-President does not make it a hard-money party. These are but campaign tricks. They are masks and dominoes. It is not in a Convention that a party shows itself most plainly. It will be judged, not by the phrases of a platform, but by the speeches and votes of its representatives. Mr. English, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, is a "hard-money man," but the Democratic party in Maine is in alliance with the Greenbackers. Which is the significant fact?

Can the Democratic party, then, never change? Not until new issues arise. The public welfare now demands, in general, the maintenance of the financial situation, and further progress in the same direction; the protection of national rights by the national authority; and administrative reform. The position of the Democratic party upon these questions is determined by the views and votes of those who compose the party, not by vague and unmeaning declarations to catch votes. The Democratic platform says, in pot-house slang, that the party pledges itself to protect the laboring-man "against the cormorants and the Commune." That means nothing, and is only an illustration of Democratic servility to the mob—the servility that kisses the foot of tyranny, whether of a mob or a monarch. Mr. English is a representative of what the platform describes as "cormorants." The Democratic party may change with new issues, but in the actual situation it is the old familiar antagonist.

THE ARGUMENT OF "CHANGE."

The assertion that the country will not be ruined, whether the Republican or the Democratic candidate be elected, is a droll argument for indifference between the two. The purpose of voting at a Presidential election is not to save the country from destruction, but to secure it good and progressive government. It is, therefore, merely inane to say that it makes no difference who is elected. It is hardly less so to assert that the Republican party ought to be turned out because it has held power long enough, and because change is in itself desirable. This is the remark of Mr. English at a Democratic ratification meeting in Indianapolis: "The Republicans have been in power for sixteen years with the approval of the people, and nearly four years under Hayes without their approval. Twenty years would be long enough to corrupt any party......A change now could not fail to be beneficial to the people." This is an amusing application of the new-broom theory. Change of administration, indeed, is often desirable, but only when the conduct of affairs is bad, or when there is no hope of improvement, or when the contesting party is sure to provide improvement.

It will not be contended that the Republican conduct of affairs is bad. For four years we have had an administration of singular freedom from every reproach. Our foreign relations are peaceable, without a cloud, and absolutely honorable. Our financial position is sound and healthful, and the dangers that menaced it have largely disappeared under this administration. The details of the public service have been reformed in many ways, and the administration has furnished the most powerful argument for thorough reform in proving the perfect practicability of minor appointment by merit competitively tested. Is it supposed that "change," merely as such, would secure a more irreproachable or able administration, manage our foreign relations more satisfactorily, maintain financial confidence more certainly, or reform the details of administration in any degree whatever? What is the meaning of the desirability of "change" under such circumstances? Would a Democratic administration tax more wisely? Would it collect the revenues more economically? Would it show more sagacity in managing the Treasury? Would it protect the lawful personal rights of all citizens more surely and firmly? Would it carry "reform" further than turning out Republicans and putting in Democrats? Would "rebel claims" not assume more disturbing prominence under Democratic than under Republican administration? Would the questions really settled by the war be in greater or less danger of revival in consequence of a "change"? Granting that "change" would not ruin the country, how would it benefit it?

Granting also that there is ample room for improvement and progress, and that Democratic administration offers no probability of securing them, is Republican administration so hopeless that it is better to take the chances of change even without any promise of improvement? On the contrary, the Republican party four years ago, and again this year, has shown a remarkable capacity for purifying itself. If, against the American instinct and every warning on every side, it had transformed itself into a third-term party, and had proposed a return to the situation of 1872–76, it might reasonably have been regarded as hopeless for progress and improvement. But the party action in 1876, and now in 1880, shows its independence and adhesion to wise and progressive courses. It has justified the claim made by Republicans that it was not a moribund party. Why, then, is change desirable? Look at the leaders of the New York Democracy at Cincinnati, and consider. The spokesmen of the regular delegation were Colonel John R. Fellows, late, we believe, of Arkansas, and Smith M. Weed, who was convicted by the revelations of the cipher dispatches of offenses familiar to the country. The dissenters of the delegation were led by Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Jacobs. The Democratic contestants were headed by Mr. John Kelly and Judge Amasa Parker. We ask any intelligent New-Yorker—for in this State the decisive contest will be waged—whether he supposes that "change" is desirable merely to intrust the national patronage in New York to the control of these gentlemen? Yet that is all the progress and improvement which "change" would provide in New York. There may be good reasons for confiding the government to Democratic hands, although we have not yet seen them stated, but mere "change," without regard to principles, or purposes, or probabilities, is certainly not one of them.

DEMOCRATIC LITTLE GAMES.

The Democratic party has been scheming to return to power for twenty years, and the history of each Presidential nomination which it has made during that time shows that it has sought power only, without the slightest regard to principles or policy. It has asked for the confidence of the country merely as the Democratic party, and it has tried every "dodge" and trick, according to its view of the popular feeling of the moment. In 1864, at the darkest hour of the war, when the national resources and spirit were strained to the utmost, it declared the war a failure, and nominated a candidate who was confessedly so. The response was the overwhelming re-election of Mr. Lincoln. In 1868, at the end of the war, counting upon a reaction of feeling, it nominated the most eminent representative of "Copperhead" sentiment. The response was the triumphant election of the General of the Union army. In 1872 the Democratic party, fierce for success, threw over every pretense of distinctive principle, and nominated an old protective Antislavery Whig. The response was the overwhelming re-election of the Union General. In 1876 the Democratic party raised the cry of "reform" and public virtue, and nominated an old Tammany politician who had broken with the Tammany and Canal rings, but, by a reduced electoral majority, the party was again defeated.

In 1880 the Democratic party, having tried every other device, abjuring Copperheads and Antislavery Whigs and adroit politicians, nominates a soldier whose sole distinction was achieved in fighting battles which the Democratic party derided as failures, and it hopes to renew the Whig campaign of 1840, and hurra the candidate into the White-House. But the trouble is deeper than the party seems to suppose. It is not the absurdity of the Democratic attempt to masquerade as a soldier party or a war-for-the-Union party, nor that of nominating a soldier as a symbol of the supremacy of the civil authority over the sword, both of which performances are ludicrous, but it is the deep distrust of the party itself. When the Democrats nominated the Republican HORACE GREELEY, who had not a political principle or conviction or tendency in common with those who selected him, the silly trick failed, because, however Mr. GREELEY might have been trusted, the party hands in which he would have been a puppet were absolutely distrusted. General HANCOCK is an amiable gentleman, but as President, from the very fact of his total and professional unfamiliarity with political affairs and men, he would be especially in the hands of his party managers. His strength as a candidate is precisely that of his party, and no more. He will get the vote of no man who does not prefer to see the government in Democratic hands.

Now there is much less disposition to confide in that party than there was in 1876. The cipher explosion of TILDEN reform and public virtue; the significant revelations of Democratic views and plans made by the extra session; the GARCELON plot in Maine, and the MORGAN bill for the electoral count; the natural and universal wish of reviving industrial prosperity not to make a violent change involving every kind of financial confusion and peril; and the evidence that the Republican party is not mastered by "bosses" who are profoundly distrusted—all these things incline public confidence to the Republican party, with an able, experienced, and unblemished leader and statesman at its head, who will be no man's man, who is perfectly familiar with public affairs and men, who has been one of the most sagacious and most influential of the chiefs of the policy under which national prosperity has recovered itself, and who by universal consent is peculiarly fitted for the duties of the Presidency. Mr. GARFIELD's "record" greatly strengthens him, because upon all great questions he has been singularly sound, and yet independent and moderate. General HANCOCK's utter want of "record," except in a war which his party denounced, greatly weakens him, because it leaves him necessarily a prey to Democratic politicians.

THE "SEAWANHAKA."

THE appalling disaster of the *Seawanhaka* was more startling than any recent calamity. The situation of New York is such that many thousands of citizens go and come daily by water to and from their business. In the summer, besides this regular travel, hundreds of boats, some of them carrying more than three thousand pleasure-passengers each, are constantly passing through the rivers and across the bay. The burning or sinking of any one of these vessels would bring indescribable misery upon countless homes, and the catastrophe of the *Seawanhaka* is a terrible reminder of the constant peril that confronts them all. The boat was owned largely by gentlemen who daily travelled upon it, and every apparent provision was made for safety. Captain SMITH, the commander, and Mr. WEEKS, the engineer, deserve all praise. They proved themselves to be singularly fitted for their responsibilities, and were heroes in the extreme moment of trial. There were life-preservers and boats. No fault is alleged in the machinery or the management, and even the cause of the fire is, as we write, unknown.

But the ampler and more careful the provision for safety, the more alarming is the fact that such a boat, on a pleasant summer afternoon, within a few rods of the shore, was suddenly wrapped in flames, and although grounded as soon as possible, thirty or more lives were lost. So far as now appears, nobody was at fault, and what happened on the *Seawanhaka* may happen at any moment to any of the hundreds of regular ferry and excursion steamers that crowd the New York waters. The most obvious danger to which they are exposed is fire, and the question for every person who travels by such vessels, for pleasure or for business, is whether every reasonable precaution is taken against fire. The boats themselves are wood, dry as tinder, and saturated with inflammable oil. A touch of flame, as on the *Seawanhaka*, kindles them from end to end, and the motion and the interior arrangement of the boats produce a draught, which feeds the fury of the flames.

Self-possession is, of course, the supreme resource in such extremity, but it is plain that less "palatial" and "gorgeous" finish, and in place of it a sheathing of the woodwork with some non-inflammable substance, would retard the flames, and tend to prevent a panic. It would be impossible to contrive vessels more exposed to the perils of fire than the river and bay steamers as now constructed, and the only real provision, should fire, despite intelligent precautions, actually break out, is the life-preservers. Is no other practicable? In such a situation as that of the *Seawanhaka*, and indeed in the similar exposure of any boat upon these waters, a life-raft would be of the greatest service. Certainly an intelligent community ought not to admit that it is impossible to provide easily for the safety of a steamboat in the situation of the *Seawanhaka*. There was, of course, the utmost terror and panic. But if it should be known at such a moment that the flames could not spread rapidly, and that there were plenty of boats and rafts and life-preservers, and that no such steamer carried more passengers than the number for which safety was assured, panic would be stayed. We need not be fatalists, since we know that our fate is so largely in our own power.

A REPUBLICAN PLANK.

MR. THURLOW WEED proposes as a test of the practical value of civil service reform that one of its friends in a certain county should stand as a candidate for the Assembly, and he promises, should that friend be elected, to "ground arms."

But by that kind of test Republicanism itself would have been condemned. In the election of 1856, the first which the Republican party contested, it was routed horse and foot in that same county. It was also defeated in the country at large. But the defeat did not test in any way or degree the wisdom of Republican principles. If the friends of political progress were afraid of a minority, and delayed voting until they were sure of a majority, they would never have a majority, and reform would never be achieved. A Republican candidate for any office in Mississippi would be certainly defeated. But his defeat would as certainly not test the soundness of his political doctrine.

Let us try this test in another way. The plank of the Republican platform of 1876 upon which Mr. HAYES especially stood, and which he most elaborately sustained in his letter of acceptance, was that of reform. Mr. HAYES was elected. But our friend Mr. WEED did not "ground arms." The civil service reform plank is as much a part of the Republican platform of 1880 as any other. It is just as binding a pledge and declaration as any other. Republicans who reject it reject just so much of the principle and purpose of the party, proclaimed by its highest authority. Republicans who approve this plank, and who favor reform, are as distasteful to Mr. WEED as Mr. SUMNER and the old Republican radicals used to be. Yet they carried the country—not at first, but at last.

THE DARK HORSE.

WE recently gave a version of the origin of the phrase "eating crow," and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives this account of the phrase "a dark horse":

> "Once upon a time there lived in Tennessee an old chap named SAM FLYNN, who traded in horses, and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two, which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a 'soft match' during his travels. The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion named Dusky Pete, which was almost a thorough-bred, and able to go in the best of company. FLYNN was accustomed to saddle Pete when approaching a town, and ride him into it to give the impression that the animal was merely 'a likely hoss,' and not a flyer. One day he came to a town where a country race-meeting was being held, and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and not being overimpressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. FLYNN moved quietly among the crowd, and took all the bets offered against his nag. Just as the 'flyers' were being saddled for the race, old Judge MCMINAMEE, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place in the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his 'plug' so heavily. Running his eye over the ruck, the judge instantly recognized Pete, and he said, 'Gentlemen, there is a dark horse in this race that will make some of you smell h—— before supper.' The judge was right. Pete, the 'dark horse,' lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush, and won the purse and FLYNN's bets with the greatest ease."

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE's new novel, *The Duke's Children*, which has just been issued in the "Franklin Square Library," has attracted a great deal of attention in England. The *Spectator* describes it as a dramatic essay upon the aristocratic principle in its relation to politics, society, and morality, possessing an interest which few or none besides Mr. TROLLOPE could have imparted to it: "It is the thoughtful and sensible judgment of an able and comparatively impartial mind upon one of the quaintest of modern problems."

The Duke's heir falls in love with an American girl, and the critic says that her character, speech, and manners are so carefully and justly presented by Mr. TROLLOPE that few even of his most critical American readers would object to the portrait. Indeed, there is but one point in which Mr. TROLLOPE is thought not adequately to have apprehended the young lady. It is, according to the critic, the most vital element of the American character—the "I-am-as-good-as-you" feeling. Every American, we are told, is frankly incredulous and wonderingly amused that a man should pride himself upon a merely external accident of rank or fortune, when he has nothing morally or organically superior.

This is a tribute not to be disdained, because it is saying that Americans are not snobs. This truth has been illustrated also by Mr. HENRY JAMES, Jun., in his recent tales. There are persons to be found among us, at Newport and Saratoga, for instance, and wherever a titled foreigner appears, who fall down and worship; but the American character is not snobbish. "In as far," says the critic, "as Plantagenet Palliser was Plantagenet Palliser, she would doubtless love him and respect him, but in so far as he was Duke of Omnium she would inevitably make fun of him, and even look down upon him as the victim of a solemnly ludicrous piece of mummery." The American girl must in that case be a very curious study to the English girl. Madame BONAPARTE was of opinion that the Baltimore mother ought to have been ready to depart, after seeing the glory of her daughter's marriage to a deaf and toothless old marquis.

TRUTH WELL PUT.

MORE than thirty years ago the New York *Herald* advocated reform in the civil service by the local selection of postmasters. It has often since then pointed out the dangers and defects of the spoils system, but never more trenchantly and vigorously than in a late article censuring the lukewarmness of both the Conventions upon the subject. The *Herald* makes a simple and comprehensive summary of the necessity and the reason of reform, as follows:

> "Civil service reform, in its true sense, means abolition of the spoils system by which the Federal offices are made prizes to be scrambled for in every Presidential election, and their incumbents made electioneering agents for the party in power. The spoils system is the great fountain of corruption in our politics. The country can never feel any just confidence in the permanence of its institutions until the practice of turning out all officers when a different party comes into power is abolished, and faithful, efficient service is a guarantee of permanence in official positions. Of course every President must have the free selection of his own cabinet. The great foreign missions are another valid exception to the rule of permanence during good behavior. But, with these exceptions, every competent officer who honestly discharges his duties should be exempt from removal on a change of administration. They have nothing to do with shaping the policy of the government. They are mere executive instruments. When a new President is installed at Washington it can make no difference in the success of his policy whether the revenue officers, postmasters, and government clerks belong to his own party or not. Their duties are marked out by law. All they have to do is to obey the law. They can be of political service to the Administration party only by activity outside their official functions. If they are appointed in the expectation of such outside activity, the public will be defrauded by a diversion of effort to party politics, with the added danger that party zeal will be held to atone for slighting official duties. This, however, is but a small part of the evil. The prostitution of appointments to party ends diffuses a mercenary spirit through all the ramifications of the public service, and gives to the party in power a vast army of placemen to fight its battles in the interest of official plunder. So long as this spoils system survives we shall look in vain for any substantial improvement in the administration of the government. Its abolition is the one great reform which is needed for restoring the purity of the earlier days of the republic."

MARKETING IN OLD ROME.

THE "sir or madame" who in these burning summer days entertains a party of friends at lunch or dinner, and the exquisiteness of the feast vies with the cost of the service, naturally supposes that from this modern vantage-ground they can "give points" to HELIOGABALUS or APICIUS. But those older gourmets made light of sums at which our moderns would turn pale. Professor HERBERMANN, in a late number of the "Half-hour Series," gives a most entertaining and instructive account of *Business Life in Ancient Rome*, and the summer saunterer will find it capital reading.

Not only NERO, VERUS, and HELIOGABALUS lavished from $240,000 to $400,000 upon a single banquet, but the actor ESOPUS paid more than $4000 for a single dainty dish, to set before a king, of singing-birds; and APICIUS, the prince of good livers, after spending $4,000,000 upon the pleasures of the table, took poison because he saw nothing but a beggarly $400,000 left. Citrus-wood tables cost $40,000 to $50,000 apiece; and the elder PLINY says that the philosophical stoic SENECA had five hundred of them, at various prices. A statue by PRAXITELES was worth $20,000 or $30,000.

The little book is full of curious information. Who knew that pork and not beef was the favorite meat of the Romans, while lamb, mutton, and veal were not in favor? Game, poultry, and fish were very acceptable, but the old Romans, like the modern Italians, ate meat sparingly. The professor gives us a price list. Beef per pound, 4 cents; lamb and fresh pork, 6 cents; ham, 10 cents. River fish, 2 cents; sea fish, 6 cents; a pair of quails, 30 cents; eggs, 6 cents a dozen; milk, 4 cents a quart; salt, 16 cents a peck; ten to forty apples or pears, 2 cents; four pounds large grapes, 2 cents; green beans and shelled peas, 2 cents a pint; oil, 6 to 20 cents; and honey, 4 to 20 cents a pint.

PERSONAL.

IN another part of the WEEKLY will be found a very interesting letter from CHARLES READE, which sets forth very clearly his religious views, and refutes the statement, which has been going the rounds of the press, that he was ever an adherent of rationalism.

—The papers are giving prominence to interviews with Captain MEYERS, of Jersey City, who is described as the captain of the canal-boat of which General GARFIELD was a driver when a boy. The old gentleman is doubtless perfectly honest in his belief; but he must have some other smart "tow-headed boy" in his remembrance. We are assured, on the highest authority, that General GARFIELD never drove a canal team for Captain MEYERS. The boat for which he drove was commanded by his own cousin, and was a coal barge, not a passenger boat.

—M. MEISSONIER is reported to be engaged upon two immense pictures of Paris, one of which will represent the city during the war-time of 1871, while the other will have the more peaceful aspect of 1878. They are said to be ordered by an American gentleman, and for them $200,000 will be paid.

—A movement is on foot in Rome to place a tablet in memory of Sir WALTER SCOTT on the façade of the house in which he lodged while there in the vain pursuit of health.

—Mr. F. D. MILLET, the artist, says the New York *Tribune*, thinks of spending next winter in this city. Mr. MILLET is not only an accomplished painter and a war correspondent of ability, he has the practical gift of the carpenter, and a part of his studio at Bridgewater was built by himself. The quaint boat, also, in which he sketches on the Setucket, is the work of his own hands.

—An article in the *Grenzboten*, attributed to Dr. BUSCH, Prince BISMARCK's old secretary, his biographer, and his steady admirer, is at present creating considerable interest in Vienna. Its pretensions are considerable, and it looks toward a rupture of the Treaty of Berlin.

—The British Museum has recently acquired a curious tract, partly in verse, of JOHN TAYLOR, the water-poet, entitled, "Taylor, his Travels: from the Citty of London in England to the Citty of Prague in Bohemia; the manner of his abode there three weekes, his observations there, and his returne from thence." London, 1620. He mentions the kindness he received from the Queen of Bohemia, and his having had in his arms her youngest son, Prince ROBERT (Prince RUPERT), whom he celebrates in a set of verses. No other copy of this tract is known.

—Another translation of Homer is announced. The first twelve books of the Odyssey, in English verse, from the pen of Sir C. DU CANE, will, it is stated, appear immediately.

—Many notables are expected at Newport during the summer, among them Prince LEOPOLD, Princess LOUISE, Marquis of Lorne, Duke of Beaufort, Sir JOHN REID, Earl of Dunraven, Lord HOUGHTON, and other representatives of the English aristocracy.

—JEANNE, the granddaughter of VICTOR HUGO, has received a novel present of a long walrus tooth formed into a paper-cutter. On one side is her monogram, and on the other the inscription, "Produit de la chasse de la *Vega* dans la mer polaire offert à Mlle. JEANNE HUGO, par A. E. NORDENSKJÖLD."

—The London *Examiner* states that an attempt has lately been made to establish in London a branch of the Society of the Rose, which was inaugurated about a year ago in Manchester. Its aims are to promote the study and circulation of Mr. RUSKIN's writings, to form a centre of union for his friends, and to aid his practical efforts for social improvement. The name of the society was chosen by Mr. RUSKIN himself. The meetings of the London members will be recommenced in the autumn.

—Several stories are related of the Austrian Emperor's recent visit to Bohemia and Moravia which illustrate at once the enthusiasm of the people and the good-nature of the Emperor. At Brünn, the capital of Moravia, his Majesty was enthusiastically received, as indeed he was everywhere; and at Wischau, a neighboring town, a boy pushed himself through the crowd, and cried out, "Which is the Emperor?" Whereupon the Emperor went up to him, patted him kindly on the head, and said, "Here, my child, you have the Emperor." Such friendliness went direct to the hearts of the by-standers, who gave vent to their delight in enthusiastic cheering.

—Apropos of the handwriting of scholars, London *Life* indulges in the following severe reflections: "Why is it that all Rugbeians, or nearly all, write so abominably? Some boys at other schools write badly, but Dr. TAIT's pupils generally write vilely. Chinese and Syriac would be more quickly comprehended by the ordinary national-school urchin than a letter from Dean STANLEY, and the Rugbeians of the next generation to the Dean's appear to have got it into their heads that to be as clever as Dr. STANLEY one's writing must be as undecipherable."

—"Mr. P. J. HAYES," says the New Haven *Journal* of June 29, "was one of those who shook hands with the President at the City Hall yesterday. He was introduced by the Mayor. He had ten of his children outside with his wife, and in greeting the President, informed him that he was the father of twenty-one children—all HAYES. The President congratulated Mr. HAYES on his numerous family, expressing his belief that the HAYES family was promising well."

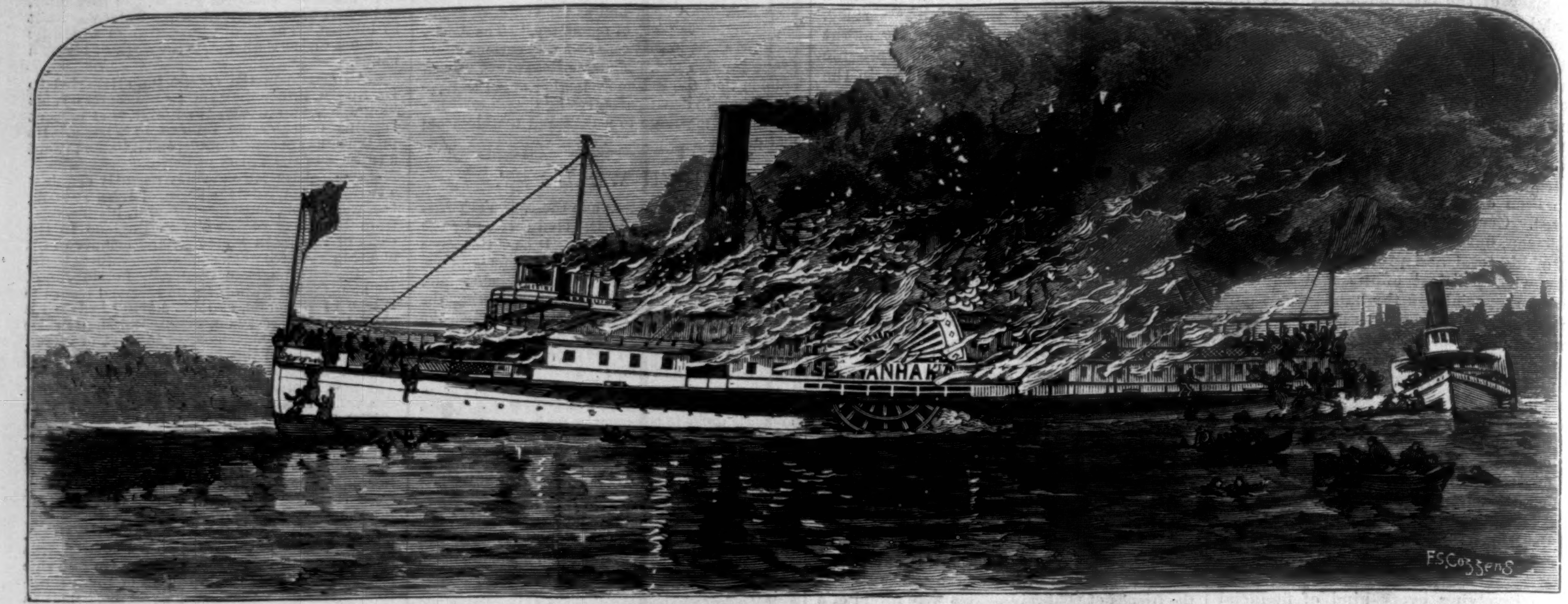
—TENNYSON and his son HALLAM have left the Isle of Wight for Venice. They will visit the Italian lakes, and return through Switzerland. When TENNYSON reaches England, he will go to Surrey Hills.

—There are now three Hebrews in Congress—Messrs. JONAS, MORSE, and EINSTEIN. In the House there are six German Representatives, among whom are HEILMAN, of Indiana, POEHLER, of Minnesota, MULLER, of New York, and DEUSTER, of Wisconsin.

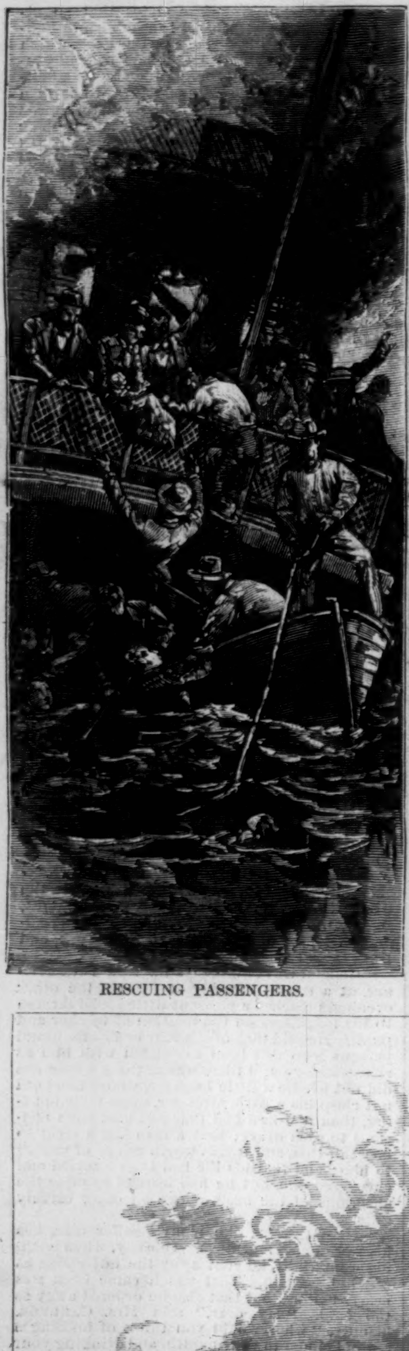
—General GARFIELD, says the New York *Tribune*, at a school meeting at Mentor the other evening, preached a pleasant little social sermon to his neighbors on the relation of teacher and pupil. He said that of the four or five thousand persons who had been associated with him as classmate or pupil there was not one whose eye did not kindle a little brighter, whose hand did not clasp his a little stronger, upon their meeting, than it would had they not held such relations to each other; that a man has a right to boast of this, and it was worth mines of wealth to him; and that his life had been a varied and checkered one, but he had learned to prize the affections of the heart above all other earthly gifts.

—Mr. CARLYLE, like many smaller men, has his "fashions" mornings. One day, when nothing went right, he sent away the hot coffee as not hot enough. That which came back was nearly boiling, but that also he ordered away as too cold. "My dear," said Mrs. CARLYLE, blandly, "what would you think of holding a red-hot cinder in your mouth, and drinking your coffee through that?" At which the seer collapsed, and took his bitters like a lamb. Mrs. CARLYLE is the heroine of the pretty verses beginning, "Jenny kissed me when we met."

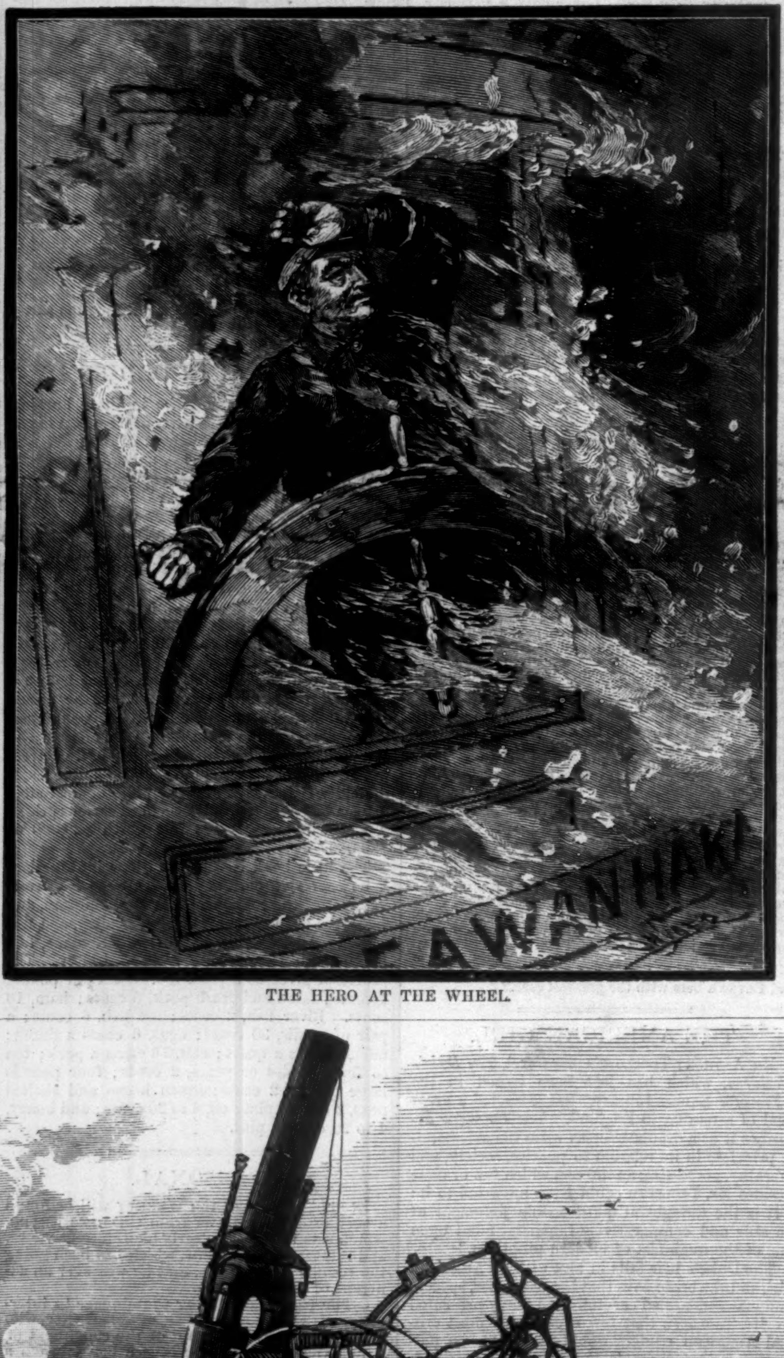
—A comic episode took place one evening recently in the House of Commons. A member was sitting writing in one of the lobbies that run parallel to the side galleries, when he was startled by hearing some loud groans, which suddenly changed to cries of "Murder! murder!" Rushing in alarm to the room whence the sounds seemed to come, he found an elderly county member asleep on a couch, and having evidently a very bad dream indeed, for he was shouting out "Murder!" as loudly as he could. He was with difficulty awakened, just as other members came hurrying to see what was the matter, and was at first very much surprised to find so many people standing about him. He explained that he had gone to take a quiet sleep, and had dreamed that he was being murdered, hence the cries that caused so much alarm. All agreed in wishing him better dreams in future.


SEAWANHAKA
F. S. Cozzens

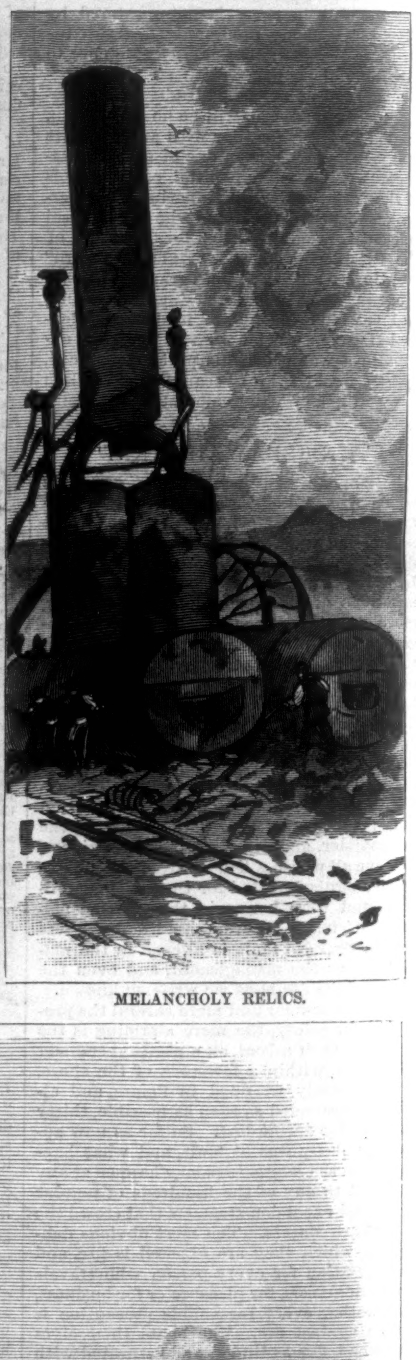
RUNNING UPON THE SUNKEN MEADOWS.



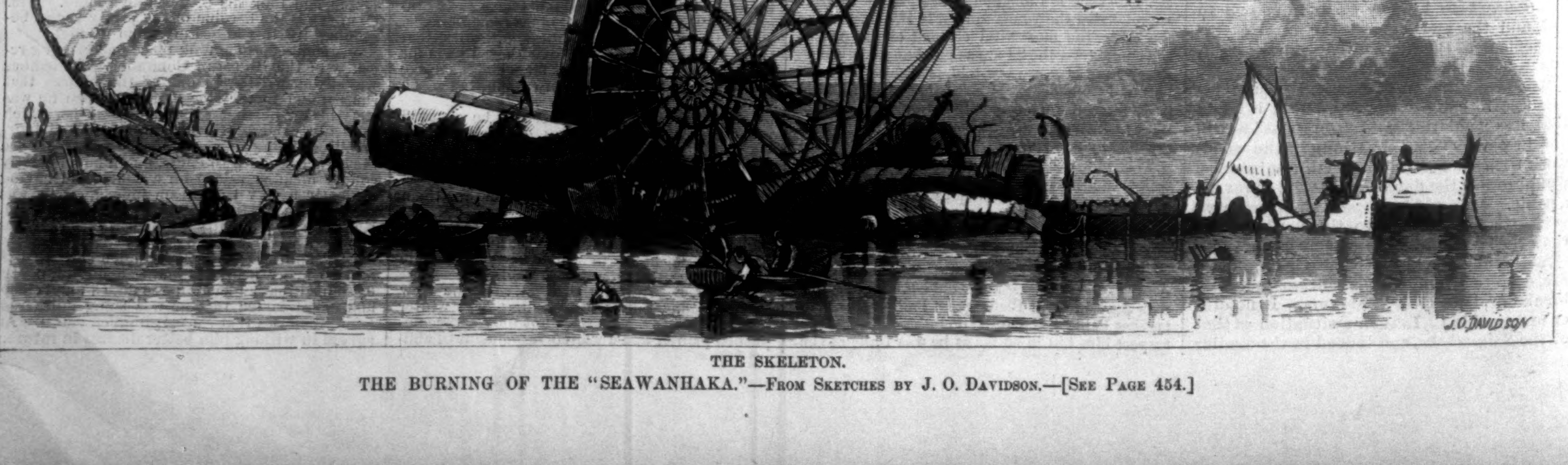
RESCUING PASSENGERS.


SEAWANHAKA

THE HERO AT THE WHEEL.

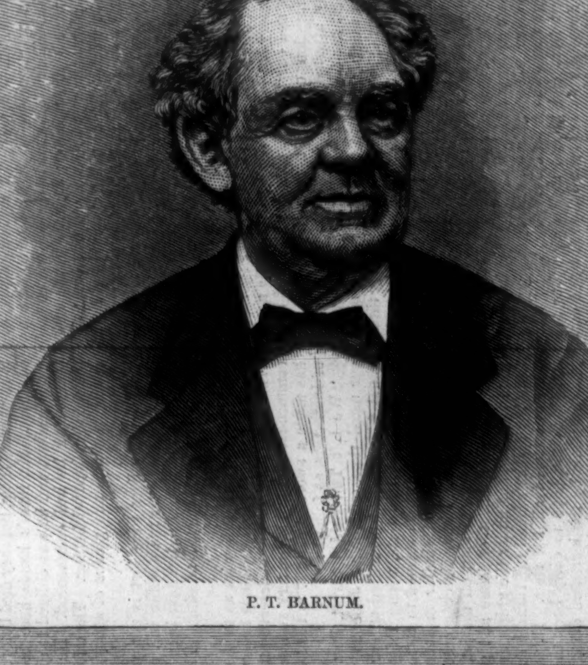


MELANCHOLY RELICS.

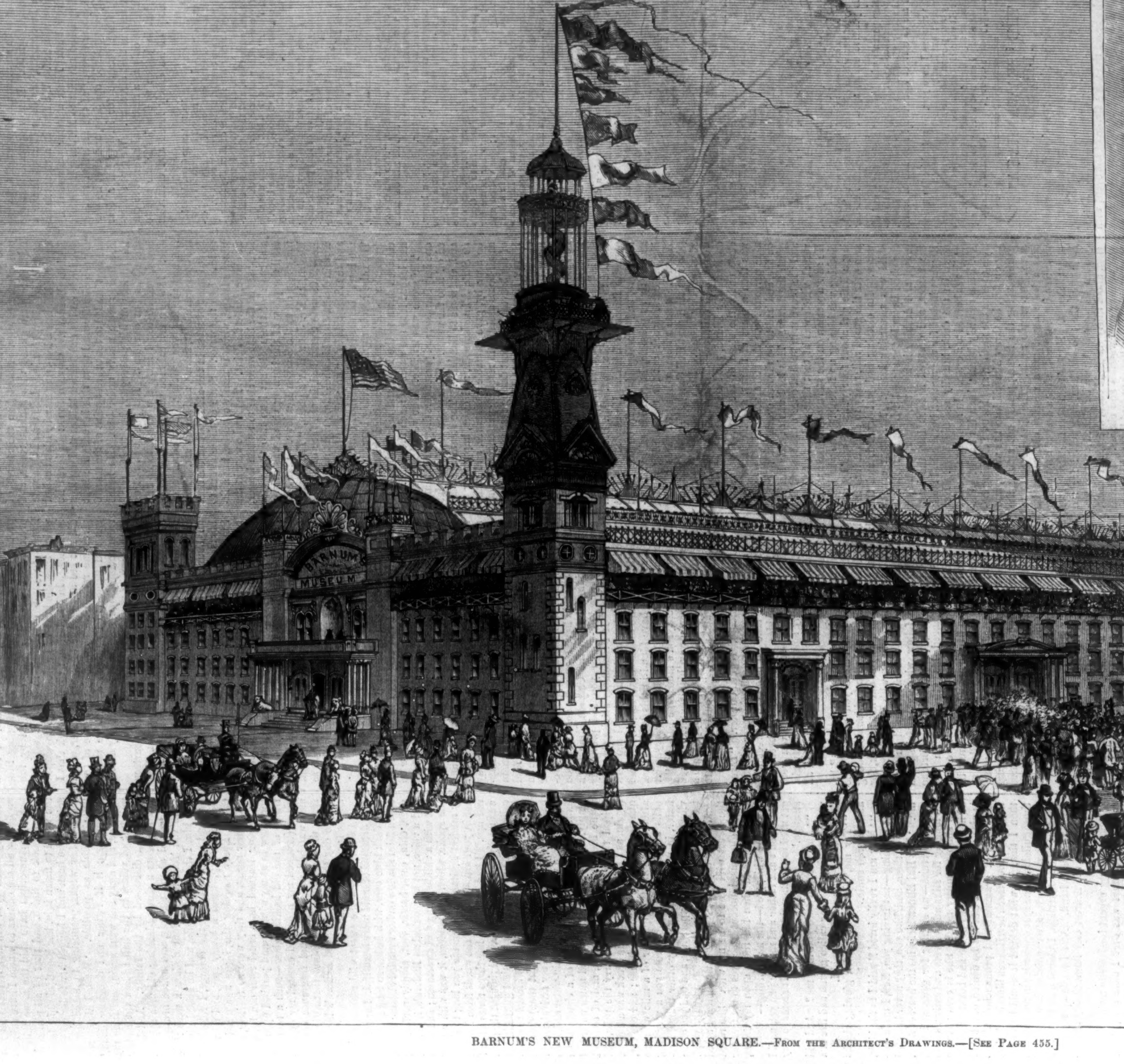

J. O. DAVIDSON

THE SKELETON.

THE BURNING OF THE "SEAWANHAKA."—FROM SKETCHES BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 454.]



P. T. BARNUM.



BARNUM'S
MUSEUM

BARNUM'S NEW MUSEUM, MADISON SQUARE.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 455.]

CHARLES READE'S FAITH.

Our readers may have met with an article, headed "The Conversion of Charles Reade," which has been going the round of the press, purporting to be an accurate account of a change in his religious faith. It now appears that the writer, a Dr. Stanton, has done Charles Reade a very grave injustice. We find in a recent issue of the New York *Times* a letter addressed by the distinguished novelist to Mr. Joseph Hatton, which disposes forever of the assertion that he had held rationalistic opinions, and that he was suffering from remorse for having led a dear friend astray in that direction. We give the letter in full, not only as a matter of interest to our readers, but in justice to Charles Reade and to the memory of his dearly loved and estimable friend.

No. 19 Albert Gate, *June* 14.

My dear Hatton,—I shall indeed be grateful if you will assist me to correct just two of Dr. Stanton's errors that wound me cruelly, and can edify nobody.

First, That during the lifetime of Mrs. Seymour I held rationalistic views, and perverted my darling friend's mind with them, and this was, as he understands, the cause of my remorse after her death.

Second, That, "in spite of this, Mr. Graham was able to assure me she did not die without Christian hope."

1. I was instructed in the Christian verities from my cradle by my dear mother, who was a saint and a deeply read theologian. I have declared my faith in my books many times, and, in face of that public declaration, Dr. Stanton's statement is really too unscrupulous in itself, and the base of another calumny; for my deceased friend, though a less instructed, was a firm believer. She acted the Gospel more than she talked it; but she could speak too. I remember once, when some skeptical opinions were mooted before her, she said, with a certain majesty and power she could command on uncommon occasions, "AND WHAT CAN THEY GIVE THE WORLD TO MAKE UP FOR THE GLORIOUS HOPE THEY WOULD ROB IT OF?"

These were her words to the letter.

2. Mrs. Seymour and I were old people, you know. During the nineteen years I lived in the same house with her she led an innocent life, a self-denying life, and a singularly charitable life. In the exercise of this grace there was scarcely a Scriptural precept she did not fulfill to the letter. She was merciful to all God's creatures; she took the stranger into her house for months; she cared for the orphan; she visited and nursed the sick; she comforted the afflicted in mind; she relieved the poor in various classes of life, constantly hiding her bounty from others, and sometimes from its very objects. Those charities are still continued out of her funds, and through the influence of her example.

God drew her nearer to Him by five months of acute suffering. She bore her agonies (from cancer of the liver) with meek resignation, and sorrow for me, who was to lose her, but none for herself.

Several days before her death she made a distinct declaration of her faith, viz., that she relied not on her good and charitable works, but only on the merits of her Redeemer. Three days before her death she partook of the Holy Communion with fervent responses and such an expression of pious rapture as I never saw on any human face before.

My grief for her is selfish. You know what I have lost—a peerless creature, wise, just, and full of genius, yet devoted to me. She alone sustained me in the hard battle of my life, and now, old and broken, I must totter on without her, sick, sad, and lonely.

My remorse is for this: I had lived entirely for the world, and so disquieted her with my cares, instead of leading her on the path of peace, and robbed God of a saint, though not of a believer. I did also afflict myself with doubts of her eternal welfare; but where there is great affection there is always great solicitude. Bereaved Christians torment themselves with this tender anxiety more than bereaved rationalists do. Mr. C. Graham, when he knew the particulars of her life and death, never shared my anxieties. He removed them entirely. That living evangelist showed me my doubts were, in reality, doubts of God's goodness and wisdom, and of His special promises. But the words Mr. Stanton has put into his mouth deny the faith and ignore the charity of her whole life, and cast negative hope, which is positive doubt, upon her condition at her death.

Christian parents who have lost their young, and all who have cherished a Christian love and buried its object, will surely sympathize with my bleeding heart, and aid me to correct these cruel surmises of brutal gossip.

For the reasons I gave you, do not object to minor inaccuracies; but kindly make it understood that I do not in my own person indorse any man's religious animosities. It would ill become *me* to asperse the Church of England or any other community that has bred holy men, whose shoes I am not worthy to tie. I am, my dear Hatton, yours sincerely, Charles Reade.

THE "SEAWANHAKA" DISASTER.

The old saying that it is always the unexpected that happens is surely verified in the frightful disaster that fell upon the steamer *Seawanhaka*, with her precious freight of human lives. Everybody who heard the news spoke of the event with unfeigned astonishment. If a rotten old hulk had broken in two or blown up somewhere, or two racing excursion boats, with reckless captains, had collided and gone to the bottom, no one would have been surprised; or if, as in the case of the *Narragansett*, two steamers had come together in a dense fog at night, it would not have seemed so strange. But that a stanch vessel, with new boilers, perfectly equipped, and manned by the best of captains that ever sailed a boat, should, in broad daylight, within arm's-reach of the city, suddenly burst out into flames, and burn to the water's edge, was of all things in the world one that might have been set down as altogether unlikely, if not quite impossible.

The story has been fully told by the daily newspapers, and our limited space will allow of only brief mention of what happened. It was on Monday afternoon, June 28, that the *Seawanhaka* left her dock at Peck Slip and Thirty-third Street, as usual, for Glen Cove, Roslyn, and other places on the Sound. There were probably three hundred passengers on board, most of whom were business men and their families on the way to their country-seats on Long Island.

The day was a hot one in the city, and many sought the forward part of the boat to catch the breeze. That they did so proved to be a very fortunate circumstance. Hallett's Point had just been passed, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, there was a dull, heavy explosion that was felt from end to end and clear up to the wheel-house. This was soon followed by an outburst of flames from the engine-room, which quickly formed an impassable barrier between the fore and after parts of the boat.

Whatever may have been the cause of the explosion, it is certain that the boilers remained intact, for the wheels kept moving. The captain, Charles P. Smith, decided at once that it would be useless to try and fight the flames. He did not even quit the pilot-house to make an inspection of the danger. About him the shores of Hell Gate were girded with sunken rocks, and bounded by abrupt banks. Less than half a mile ahead of him was a low-lying marshy island called Sunken Meadows. Captain Smith believed he could rely on his unattended boilers and engines to push him forward upon this island. He kept the boat headed to the nearest point of the marsh. The flames were nearly under him. He heard the shrieks of his passengers, but to his mind there was but one duty. His pilot was not on board, and he could leave the wheel to no one else. It was a critical race with the progress of fire, and the fire was gaining. The advance of the boat drove heat, flames, and smoke aft. This forced most of those in the after-part of the boat to leap into the water. Some of these swam to Ward's Island, which is nearly opposite, but a little above, Hallett's Point. Those who were in the fore-part of the boat were able to remain longer, and most of these did not leap into the water until the prow of the burning vessel was driven forty feet on to the Sunken Meadows. Like Jim Bludso, in Mr. John Hay's poem, "The Prairie Belle," Captain Smith had, in the face of almost certain death, done his whole duty right manfully, and the *Seawanhaka's* "nozzle" was fairly "agin the bank" before he relinquished control of her. Then the heroic captain, terribly burned, hurried from the pilot-house, and assisted women and children down to the land, and aided others who had leaped into the water to reach the shore.

The scene was terrible. The vessel was now one fiery furnace, and passengers dropped or jumped off into the water. Some swam to Ward's Island, and some to Randall's. The steamers *Granite State*, *Minnahannock*, and *Osseo*, happening to be near by, gave valuable assistance, and many small boats assisted in rescuing passengers. One of the bravest and most daring rescuers was John Henry Bush, of No. 241 East One-hundred-and-eleventh Street. He was out in a small boat with his wife and five children. He saw the *Seawanhaka* coming up, and as she neared Hell Gate, he said to his wife, "That boat looks to me as though she is on fire." Mrs. Bush said, "I think she is." At that moment the smoke and flames seemed to envelop the boat. Mr. Bush was then opposite Randall's Island. He headed his boat for shore, and landing his family on the island as quickly as possible, hoisted his sail, and plying the oars, struck out for the burning vessel. When he came within a hundred yards of her (she was then past Hell Gate), the water was full of struggling people. He rescued eight—men, women, and children—and quickly landing them on Randall's Island, put back again, and pulled close under the stern of the boat. The vessel was then a mass of flames, and Mr. Bush took nine persons from the stern, some of whom were on fire, and had to be thrown overboard to extinguish the flames. This load was quickly landed, and the brave man pushed once more toward the vessel, which was at that time a sheet of flame. He saw a woman on the stern of the boat whose clothing was blazing up fiercely. She was holding a little girl about four years of age by one arm over the guard rail, ready to drop it into the water. Its clothing had just ignited, and the child was screaming loudly. Mr. Bush caught the child by its leg, snatched it from its mother's grasp, and dashing it into the water, quenched the flames, and dragged it back into the boat. He then looked for the mother, but she had sunk down on the deck, literally roasted alive. Her body was burned to a crisp. In rescuing the child Mr. Bush severely burned both his hands. Unable to save the mother, and his own clothing being on fire, he threw himself into the water, and extinguishing the flames, pulled out among the struggling people again. The first he came to was a babe about three months old, whom he took into the boat, and, after a deal of hard work, resuscitated it. He was then near the shore, and he landed the two children, and pulled for the Sunken Meadows. There he picked up two women, about thirty years old each, dressed in black, and wearing gold watches and chains. He tried to resuscitate them, but they died before he reached shore. Mr. Bush's hands here became perfectly useless, and he was obliged to give up the brave work he had commenced. He describes the scene as heart-sickening. The cries for help, and the screams and groans of agony, were simply appalling.

How many lives were lost is not yet known, but it is feared that the number will reach sixty at least. Thirty-two bodies have been recovered, and thirty are reported missing. The injured number nearly fifty.

There are various theories as to the origin of the fire, but nothing is definitely known. Edgar Weeks, the engineer, who deserves the highest commendation for his bravery and self-control, has made a sworn statement to the Local Board of Inspectors, as follows:

"We left Thirty-third Street, East River, at our usual time, on Monday, June 28, which was about 4.30 P.M., and proceeded on our way until we arrived at Hell Gate, where I first heard a rumbling noise which seemed to come from our starboard boiler, and similar in sound to very distant thunder. I immediately proceeded to the fire-room entrance to shut off the jet, and there first noticed a sheet of flame and gas issuing from the ash-pans under the grate-bars, and also from the cracks around the furnace doors, which remained closed all the time. I again opened the jet in the hope to carry back the escaping gas and flame by the increased draught thereby made. By this time the wood-work partition between the engine-room and fire-room had ignited. I started to and did start the donkey fire-pump, but was almost as quickly driven away by the flames, and had to abandon my post from that cause. I then climbed to the hurricane-deck and to the pilot-house, and communicated with the captain, and advised him to run the boat ashore as quickly as possible, which he did. I then proceeded aft, and assisted in distributing life-preservers, etc., until I was compelled by the flames to jump overboard to save myself, by which time the boat was aground and enveloped in flames. In conclusion, I would remark that I did not see any escape of steam or water, which gives me reason for supposing the cause of the gas and flame (to be driven out) to be rather from accumulated gases, and not from any defect in the iron of the boiler."

The *Seawanhaka* was built about fourteen years ago by Messrs. Terry, of Keyport, New Jersey. Her dimensions are 225 feet in length over all, and about forty feet breadth of beam. She could steam at a pace of about nineteen miles an hour, and was reckoned one of the fastest boats on the river. Her commander, Captain Smith, was noted as a careful navigator, and has had charge of the steamer since she was launched. The employés were all picked men, in order to suit the respectable class of passengers who patronized the line. The rules were always strictly enforced, and the greatest care was always taken to preclude the possibility of accident. The steamer was known among steamboat men as the most carefully governed boat on the river.

A SWEET WILD ROSE.

"Well, since you mention it yourself, Hal, I will confess that I was surprised to find you engaged to Miss Brookfield," said Ned Chester to his life-long chum Hal Elmendorf (the two young men were leisurely strolling through Maple Avenue), "for when I went abroad you were most emphatically denouncing the heartlessness and selfishness and extravagance and a few other amiable characteristics—according to your way of thinking at the time—of society girls, and apparently sincere in your determination to remain a bachelor rather than marry one of them. And your letters have given no hint of a change in your sentiments. Quite the contrary. Your last, by-the-bye, was most perplexing. No woman's letter could have been more so. In it you suddenly jumped from the Clauson Mine to 'a sweet wild rose,' of whom you had previously told me nothing. If I remember aright, the sentence introducing her read thus: 'And the dividends this year are much larger than this sweet wild rose that I have found in this lonely place, and am almost persuaded to court and marry, after the manner of Tennyson's landscape painter.'"

Elmendorf threw away his cigarette, looked thoughtfully into space a moment, dropped into a still slower walk, and asked, "Should you like to hear all about it, old fellow?"

"Of course I should," replied Chester. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, who ever to himself hath said, 'I take no interest in sweet wild roses'? And besides that, haven't I been the confidant of all your love affairs since you were twelve, and awfully smitten with the pretty girl in Wild's confectionery? Drive ahead. I'm all attention."

"As you remarked a few moments ago," began Elmendorf, "just before you crossed 'the briny' I became disgusted with fashionable young ladies in general, and, as you did not remark, for fear of hurting my feelings, with Eudora Brookfield in particular. It was rather hard on a romantic sort of a fellow, who was awful spoons on a girl, to be told by that girl that his fortune considerably enhanced his attractions in her eyes, and that for her part she thought love in a cottage on *less* than five thousand a year must be the dreariest of existences. We quarrelled, as you know, and parted. She went, shortly after, to Newport, and I, filled with scorn of managing mammas and fortune-hunting daughters, donned a blue flannel suit and coarse broad-brimmed hat, and carrying with me only a small valise, started for anywhere—anywhere out of the world.

"At noon of my second day's travel the train stopped at a quiet, tree-embowered station, and following the impulse of the moment, I jumped off, and struck into a lonely shady road, resolving to keep on, on foot, until Fate should say, 'Thus far, and no farther.' Ned, that road was certainly the loneliest road I ever saw. Not a person did I meet, not a house did I see, in an hour's brisk tramp. But I trudged on; and the more Eudora's beauty and grace flitted before me, the more her sweet voice rang out in the song of the birds, the more my heart yearned for her smile, the more I was determined to put miles between us. I would *not* be married for my fortune. I would be loved for myself, or not at all. And growing stronger in resolution at every step, I suddenly found myself in front of a small gray cottage—I remembered instantly that Eudora had a silk dress of the same shade of gray—half covered with woodbines and rose vines, that stood just at the entrance of a dense wood, where grew oaks, maples, willows, elder bushes, blackberry bushes, and Heaven only knows how many other things planted there by the winds and the birds. A cow with a young calf beside her was lowing in a field opposite, and a brook was sparkling in the sunshine a short distance away.

"On the porch of this cottage sat a middle-aged woman, sewing. To her, hat in hand, I advanced and humbly preferred a request for a drink of water. And she, rising with hospitable quickness, bade me take the seat she left while she went to the well. I sank into the chair, for I was aweary, and soon she returned with a glass of water and a glass of milk. I drank them both—not at once, of course, but during the conversation about the weather that ensued—and had risen to depart, when the prettiest girl in blue and gold that I ever beheld came tripping up the garden path, a pail of water in each hand. 'A sweet wild rose,' I said to myself, and sat down again, convinced by a single glance at that lovely face and form that this cottage was Fate's 'No farther.'

"Accordingly, I told mine hostess that I was a poor story-writer (you will admit that that was no lie, for all the editors to whom I have submitted my manuscripts have said the same thing), with a book to finish, and that of all places in the world to finish it in, her beautiful quiet home seemed the best, and I begged her to let me stay there a few weeks, promising to make her as little trouble as possible. 'Well, I don't see nothin' agin it if father and daughter don't,' said she, and away she went again, and from the murmur of voices in the hall I knew the matter was being discussed by the family. And in a few moments a shrewd-looking old man appeared, looked at me sharply, and asked brusquely, 'Kin you 'ford to pay four dollars a week?' I told him I thought I could, and he seized my valise and carried it into the cottage, I following. Ned, old chap, it *was* a lovely spot, and no mistake. Every morning the birds awakened me with their songs, and they were so fearless, never having learned how cruel men can be, that they flew in at my window and perched upon the frame of the old looking-glass—such a rum old glass (crooked my nose and crossed my eyes)—and watched me dress; and fragrance enough from the rose vines floated into that attic room in one day to have perfumed Eudora's handkerchiefs for a whole year.

"As for Alice—the sweet wild rose—no poet ever dreamed of maid more beautiful. Large innocent dark blue eyes, with lashes so long that they cast a faint shadow on her rounded cheeks; mouth, nose, chin, ears, hands, feet, simply perfection; and a voice, not as musical as Eudora's, it is true, but with a childish ring and sweetness; and when she spoke, which was seldom, it was with a pretty modest hesitancy that made you long to catch her in your arms and kiss the words from her full red lips. I had only seen her three times when I was madly in love with her, and thought the plain calico gowns she wore the prettiest gowns in the world. Her father and mother watched us closely, but that blessed (as I thought then) drought had set in a week or so before my arrival, and in two or three weeks more our rain-water cask—we hadn't attained to the dignity of a cistern—was empty, and our well ran low, and much water had to be brought from the brook, and of course I helped the sweet wild rose carry the pails, and (again, as I thought then) the brook was a blessed quarter of a mile from the house; and one day, after traversing this quarter of a mile with the pails and bonnie Alice, I wrote you a very long letter, in which, among many other things, I reviewed my Eudora experience, and told you of the treasure I had found in the cottage by the wood. And a few days after posting this letter I asked the sweet wild rose to be my wife. She raised those glorious, innocent blue eyes to my face for an instant, and then hid them upon my breast, while she whispered—the shy darling—

"'Don't ask father and mother just yet, until I get used to the thought myself. It seems so very strange.'

"'And are you sure you love me? And will you be willing to wear calico gowns and live in a little cottage all your life?' said I.

"'Try me,' she replied, with glowing cheeks and an arch smile.

"'Now am I really loved?' said I to the birds, next morning—not having you, Ned, I made confidants of them, and, like you, they never betrayed me. 'It is Hal Elmendorf wins the heart of Alice, not his fortune—no sighing for gems and gold, no longing for silks and velvets and satins, knows this simple country maid. She is even unaware of her own marvellous grace and beauty, and she is also unaware, it can not be denied, of many of the rules of grammar and pronunciation. But these I can soon teach her, Heaven bless her!' And then I thought what delight it would be to see those guileless blue eyes open wide in pleasure and astonishment when, after gaining her parents' consent to our marriage, I placed a diamond ring upon the little hand. And I made up my mind to start for the nearest city immediately and obtain the ring.

"So, pleading urgent business to my darling, as soon as breakfast was over I bade her good-by for a day or two.

"'Oh, if you should never come back!' she sobbed, clinging around my neck.

"'But I will, dearest,' I said, unloosing her lovely arms, and kissing the tears from her eyes. 'I shall be back again before you have time to miss me.' *And I was;* for I had only gone a mile or two when I discovered I had left my pocket-book behind, and full of anger against myself for my carelessness, I hastened back. As I neared the cottage I heard loud voices—the voices of Mrs. Burdock, my prospective mother-in-law, and—could it be? Yes, it was my sweet wild rose.

"'Well, it's a regular mess, and *I* don't know what to say to Bill Tryon when he comes back from sea,' the elder lady was saying. 'He'll raise the ruff off the house.'

"'Let him,' replied Alice. 'I'll build you a better house—nearer to folks; for I'm sure I never want to come back to this lonely hole again after I onst leave it.'

"'But s'pose this man shouldn't be so rich, after all?' persisted the prudent mamma.

"'He's as rich as Screechus,' answered the daughter, in anything but a sweet voice. And, oh! how dreadful the grammar and pronunciation sounded in it! 'Do you think I'd give up Bill if I warn't sure of it? He writ a long rigmarole to some friend of his one day, and he lost a piece, and I found it—'"

"The page almost ending with the Clauson Mine, and nearly beginning with the sweet wild rose," interrupted Chester.

"Just so," assented his friend. "But to go on with the conversation, to which I boldly confess I deliberately listened. 'I found it, he never missed it, and I read it,' said the simple country maid. 'Some fash'nable girl wanted him for his fortune, and he got mad and cleared out, and walked round till he found me. A sweet wild rose, he calls me, and he ain't so far out, neither.'

"'You'd better let your pa inquire about him some before you promise sure to marry him,' advised Mrs. Burdock.

"'Rubbish!' exclaimed the rose. 'Pa goin' snoopin' round might spoil everything. I know he's got lots of money, and I bet he's gone off to buy me something elegant now. Calico gowns, indeed! I'll wear silk every day of my life. But come along, ma, let's go up stairs. P'r'aps he's left his satchel unlocked, and we can rummage through it.'

"'No, he hasn't,' said I, coming forward; 'but don't let that prevent your enjoying yourselves, ladies; here is the key, at your service.'

"With a shrill scream, the sweet wild rose fled. I reached my room under the eaves in three bounds, gathered together my belongings, left some bank-bills on the table, and fled too.

"And I am to marry Eudora Brookfield a month from to-day."

A ROMAN VILLA IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The tessellated floors of several rooms of a Roman villa have been recently discovered at Morton's Farm, about half way between Brading and Sandown. The floor of the principal room, which is about sixteen feet square, presents a most curious and interesting mosaic pavement in several compartments. In the centre, in a circular compartment, is a head of Dionysus, in his most youthful form, with flowing hair; by his side is a thyrsus. In one of the compartments is a most curious scene, which will doubtless give rise to much conjecture. On the left is a human figure, dressed in a tunic, with a cock's head, and, instead of feet, claws with a spur. He stands in presence of a small house, raised high, with a ladder up to it. On the right side are two winged animals, whether chimæræ or dogs or tigers is doubtful. At the first glance this cock-headed figure and these winged animals suggest a Gnostic and Mithraic origin. It can not, however, be the Gnostic god Abraxas, as his characteristics were, besides the cock's head, serpent's legs, a lorica, and a shield. In the more probable view it is a *jeu d'esprit* and nothing deeper, like the caricature scenes frequent in the Pompeiian wall-paintings, viz., a bird in a smock-frock like a farmer, watching two cats at play, the fowl-house in the background. The picture is interesting from its deviating from the hackneyed list of subjects generally taken for that purpose. In another compartment is a youthful figure holding a trident in his hand, as if raised in the act of striking a figure which crouches before him. This figure is doubtless a gladiator termed *retiarius*, who usually carried a three-pointed lance, called *tridens*, and a net, which he endeavors to throw over his adversary, and then attack him with the trident when he was entangled. The other compartments are greatly injured, and very little of them can be made out. The pavement is composed of rather coarse tesseræ of only three colors—black, white, and red. The black and white are made of stone, while the red are made of brick. Numbers of bones and oyster shells were found over the pavement in excavating this room. On part of the floor were heaps of ashes, as if fires had been lighted on the pavement, which bears evident marks of having suffered from fire. The state of the floor, like that of the villa at Carisbrooke, and other Roman buildings generally throughout England, indicates the barbarism which prevailed after the departure of the Romans. Traces of the occupation of a savage people are frequently found; fires have been kindled on the beautiful tessellated floors; the bones of sheep, deer, and various other animals strewn about the rooms speak very clearly of the coarse repasts which succeeded the refined banquets of the countrymen of Lucullus and Apicius. Some coarse pottery has been found, but only one piece of painted pottery has been discovered. Portions of wall-painting also occur, one fragment bearing a little bird nicely painted. The room with the mosaic pavement is surrounded by other rooms, with a rude kind of tessellated pavement, the walls of which, about a foot high, are still remaining. A coin of Gallienus was discovered, which would fix the date of the villa at about 263 A.D. On the reverse is a stag with the word DIANA. A great number of different animals are found on the small bronze series of his reign, being such as were sacred to the various divinities sought to be propitiated on account of the fearful pestilence which raged throughout the Roman Empire during his reign.

BARNUM'S NEW MUSEUM.

The indefatigable efforts of Mr. P. T. Barnum to provide the public with amusement will probably cease only with his life. His last project is the establishment of a monster Museum in the upper part of our city, which shall combine a Coliseum, opera-house, lecture-hall, vast show-rooms, and, above all, an immense tropical garden. For this purpose a joint-stock corporation, entitled "Barnum's Museum Company," has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, with a capital stock of $3,000,000, divided into three thousand shares of $100 each. The board of directors is to be composed of leading capitalists and business men, such names as W. H. Vanderbilt and Henry Cummins being already on the list.

As a site for the new Museum the company has purchased the Madison Square Garden, famous for dog shows, revival meetings, walking matches, and recently for falling down and endangering the lives of pleasure-seekers within its walls. The size of the building will be 200 by 425 feet, covering the entire block. It is to be five stories in height, constructed of brick, stone, and iron in the most substantial manner. At the southwesterly corner of the building there will be a brick and iron observatory, about 250 feet high, provided with an elevator, and furnished around its dome or apex with a coronet of electric lights sufficiently powerful to brilliantly illuminate all that section of the city, and be seen many miles in every direction. This observatory will afford the best and most extensive views to be obtained of New York city, and will undoubtedly be visited by all strangers, as well as our own citizens.

At each of the other corners of the building there will be large square mural towers, rising far above the roof, and provided with pleasant and convenient rooms or apartments for the use of the employés of the establishment, thus being utilized to the fullest extent. There will also be several large elevators in various parts of the building for conveying visitors to the different apartments, and numerous waiting-rooms, reception-rooms, toilet-rooms, lavatories, etc.

The lower story of the building will be known as the Coliseum, and will embrace the entire space within the walls. Here will be held that class of exhibitions and amusements which requires a vast amount of room for representation, such as chariot and hurdle races, walking matches, athletic games, steeple-chases, trotting matches, fairs, public balls, and large meetings of one kind and another.

The first or ground floor of the Museum will be devoted in part to an opera-house or theatre, to be known as "Barnum's Opera-House." This room is to have a seating capacity greater than that of any other theatre in the city, and to embrace every modern improvement in the arrangement of its stage, auditorium, dressing and reception rooms. In addition to this, and on the same floor, there will be a smaller theatre, or lecture-room, designed for musical and dramatic entertainments, exhibitions of ventriloquism and magic, including also frequent and brilliant representations of fairy and spectacular pieces, and the production of that class of performances more especially designed for the amusement and instruction of the young, being innocent, instructive, and charming in their nature, but matchless in their elegance and the variety and attention to detail with which they will be presented. Performances will be given at regular intervals in the lecture-room every day and evening throughout the year. The remainder of the space on this floor will be occupied by an aquarium, skating rink, zoological department, stores, offices, etc.

The second and third floors will be of the same size as the first, and will be devoted to the Museum proper, which it is designed to make more elaborate and extensive than anything heretofore attempted either in Europe or America. A part of the space on these floors will be utilized for exhibiting new and wonderful inventions in active operation, for side shows, fat women, glass-blowers, and minor exhibitions generally. It is also designed to establish on one or both of these floors extensive restaurants, so that the business of sight-seeing need not be interrupted by the necessity of something to eat.

So far, the feature of the Museum which is entirely without precedent is the great tropical garden. This is to be situated on the fourth floor, and will be provided with extensive walks, lawns, bowers, grottoes, arbors, water-falls, palmeries, fountains, parterres, etc., and adorned with the rarest trees, plants, flowers, vines, and shrubbery of every zone, properly inclosed, and forming one immense conservatory, dwarfing in its extent and magnificence the most celebrated palatial gardens of the Orient. In this apartment will be given grand concerts every afternoon and evening throughout the year, on a scale commensurate with the surroundings. The roof will be so arranged that it may be thrown partially or entirely open, to admit light and air, and around the entire apartment there will be a mammoth piazza, or promenade, for use during the summer months, provided with refreshment tables, after the manner so popular in the great *salons* of the summer resorts and watering-places of the Old World. This garden is designed to be one of the greatest features of the institution, and to surpass anything of a similar character ever before attempted in either hemisphere. Being elevated far above the surrounding buildings, and provided with every requisite necessary to minister to all legitimate pleasures, it will afford the coolest and most delightful summer resort to be found in any large city of the world—a retreat where the great public will naturally flock by thousands for rest and recreation, while during the winter its attractions will be heightened and increased by the contrast produced.

As to what the Museum is likely to have cost, when all the present plans have been carried out, it is of course impossible to estimate. Probably the whole of the sum originally subscribed will be expended on the building before it is completed; $800,000 have already been paid to the Harlem Railroad for the ground. Good judges have valued it at a much higher figure than this. If, however, the directors of that road have sold the property below its actual value, it is probably because they see the enterprise is in hands which are sure to carry it to completion, and that completion will add largely to the revenues of the railroad company by conveying passengers to this place of multiform amusement. But then the Museum Company will begin to carry their plans into effect when $2,000,000 of the stock have been subscribed for, and not till then. One million has already been subscribed; and when so many millions have been invested at Coney Island, where a return can be got for it in ninety days of the year only, there will be many capitalists desirous of subscribing to the stock of the Museum Company, provided only there is a reasonable prospect of its paying.

Mr. Barnum's past success in catering for public amusement argues well for the new enterprise. That he has implicit faith in it is shown by the prominent part he plays. Hitherto he has not shared the profits of any of his undertakings with the public, but the flattering prospect of directing such an enormous venture has induced him to appear in the character of a general manager dealing with the money of other people. As regards the probable returns, he makes the following estimates, embodied in a letter:

> "My old American Museum often netted me about $300,000 a year, which was, as you see, equal to ten per cent. on your proposed capital of $3,000,000. Now, twenty years later, New York city, its suburbs, and the country generally, have nearly doubled their population, and with such an immense building as the Museum Company proposes to erect (being over sixteen times larger than the Old Museum, which stood on two city lots, while this contains thirty-four), I could present novelties and attractions which ought to net nearly or quite a million of dollars a year, or from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. on the capital. With a managerial experience of over forty years, during which time more than eighty millions of tickets have been sold to my various entertainments, I can candidly say that I can not so figure it as to make this new enterprise pay less than twenty per cent. dividends. The Jenny Lind concerts in nine months received over $700,000, giving but ten concerts a month. My Hippodrome took in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston at the rate of about two millions of dollars per year, having taken, even in the city of Providence, $11,000 in a single day. My present travelling circus often takes between $7000 and $8000 per day, or at the rate of more than two millions of dollars per year, whereas that entire show would be but a drop in the bucket if placed in the immense Barnum Museum Building. The fact is, there is no place of amusement in the world that contains one-fifth of the genuine attractions which I could present; hence, while the citizens of New York and vicinity would constantly patronize it, no stranger would ever think of visiting the city without going there. There is confessedly a need in New York city of a proper place of innocent and instructive family amusement and healthy recreation, combining a large variety of popular entertainments, where refined mothers can take their children without fear of contamination. The establishment proposed would supply this universal want. I consider that the tropical garden feature ought of itself to make ten per cent. or more on the capital. The year of the proposed World's Fair, three years hence, would, in my opinion, show us many days that we should be obliged to turn away thousands from our colossal building for want of room."

The business of tearing down the old Garden and preparing the site for the erection of the new building will begin some time during August, and it is reported that the Museum will be completed before the summer of 1881. One excellent feature of the scheme is that New York will still have an inclosure sufficiently large to contain huge audiences, such as have gathered so frequently at the Garden. It is also a fit matter for congratulation that the block of ground on Madison Avenue will be preserved for public amusement. There is no other located so near the centre of the city which could be turned to such a purpose without the demolition of many valuable buildings.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

While yet the details of the burning of the *Seawanhaka* were but half revealed, a narrow escape from another terrible disaster on the East River sent a thrill through the community. On Tuesday, June 29, the morning after the *Seawanhaka* horror, about a thousand members of the Hanson Place Baptist Church and Sunday-school, of Brooklyn, embarked on the *Long Branch* for an excursion to Oscawana Island, Hudson River. When the steamer was in mid-stream, not far from her pier, the tug *Twilight*, with the barge *Hope* in tow, was seen about to cross the bows of the *Long Branch*. Cautionary signals were exchanged; the tug crossed safely, but the barge, not changing her course, crashed into the bows of the steamer, tearing them away for several feet below the water-line. Water rushed into the opening, and considerable excitement followed. Most of the passengers were transferred to the ferry-boat *Peconic*, and afterward to the *Grand Republic* for an excursion to Rockaway, while the disabled boat was kept from sinking by the pumps, and taken to the dock for repairs. We may imagine the terrible scene if, with hundreds of children on board, the collision had been a little more severe.

The success of the American team at Dollymount—the Irish team having been defeated by twelve points—was matter of much congratulation on this side of the water, and the Irish riflemen took their defeat very good-humoredly. A private banquet was given in honor of the rival teams by the Lord-Mayor of Dublin.

May brought in its wearisome term of combined heat and drought, and June did her best to show her superiority in these respects to her spring sister. The torrid weather of the last week of June sent thousands to the sea-shore; but thousands more, who lived in stifling tenements, or who were exposed to special influences of the scorching sun, suffered intensely, there being many sun-strokes and prostrations from heat. On one day, out of the 224 deaths reported, 178 were children, a majority of whom died from the direct or indirect effects of the heat.

Professor Baron von Nordenskjöld, the discoverer of the Northeast Passage, has been appointed by the Emperor of Germany a foreign Knight of the "Ordre pour le Mérite" for Arts and Sciences.

A knowledge of swimming, theoretical and practical, should be included in the education of every child. At present there seems to be no way of doing this, but that unfortunate circumstance does not lessen the importance of it; and if disasters on quiet waters continue to be frequent, the necessity of knowing how to swim will, in time, be realized by the public. Meanwhile, until swimming schools become common, why should not instruction and information be given in public and private schools, in books, magazines, newspapers, and in lectures, as to what to do in times of disasters, especially on the water? Probably a large proportion of those lost from the *Narragansett* and the *Seawanhaka* might have been saved had they known a few facts, and retained their presence of mind. If one has five minutes in which to save his life, he should take time to think of the wisest way of doing it. Women and children are usually so terrified and shocked by the mere plunge into water, when they can not swim, that they lose all self-control. If they were taught even theoretically—if they can not be practically—how to make that plunge most safely, and then what to do when in the water, we should not hear so much of wild struggles and frantic raising of the hands when these dreadful disasters force hundreds to take refuge in ocean or river. How many women know how to fasten on a life-preserver? How many have ever considered what articles on a boat would be the best substitutes if life-preservers were lacking? How many know that the mouth and nose should be firmly covered with one hand on jumping into the water? How many understand the safest position when there, if they can not swim? How many realize that they endanger the life of even the best swimmers who may attempt to rescue them if they hamper their movements by frantic clinging to them? If everybody would think a little about such things in times of safety, there would be fewer panics in times of peril.

Plenty of water is a necessity in a great city like New York; and in a hot, dry season like the present a free use of water is a luxury which few can deny themselves. In time of long-continued drought, however, care and economy in the use of the Croton is the duty of every citizen. It should not be uselessly and recklessly wasted. For several years the Croton Aqueduct has been used to its full capacity, and the increase of population calls for a larger supply.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod, for which preparations have been going on for a year past, was held at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on June 23 and 24. This consists of a musical and literary tournament (in which about a thousand persons took part) for prizes aggregating $1200. The chief prize—$300—was contested for by a dozen choirs from various parts of the State, composed mostly of Welsh miners, who are remarkable for their choral singing. The Welsh are devoted to music, and cultivate their love for it in their Eisteddfodau, which they trace back to the sixth century. The musical contest awakened much enthusiasm among an audience of something like five thousand persons. The first prize was awarded to the Choral Society of Hyde Park, and the second to the Wilkesbarre Choir. The proceeds of the Eisteddfod will be applied by the Welsh Philosophical Society to the founding of a free library in Hyde Park.

With great promptness the North British Railway Company began to form plans for restoring the Tay Bridge. In the new structure the old long girders, which were thirteen in number, are to be replaced by twenty-six small girders, and they are to be thirty-one feet lower than they were in the old bridge. This new plan will give abundant security for stability, but will, of course, necessitate the lowering of the girders already standing, and it is thought probable that some objection may be made in the name of "the navigation of the Tay."

Three great iron-clads, the *Inflexible*, the *Ajax*, and the *Agamemnon*, will be added to the British navy during the coming year. The *Inflexible*, the largest man-of-war afloat, was begun seven years ago, and launched four years ago, but is not yet ready for sea. It is a vessel of 11,406 tons displacement. The two other iron-clads are each of 8492 tons.

Many new cottages have this year been built at Old Orchard Beach, on the hill between the Old Orchard House and the dépôt. The post-office has been removed to a new building; the dépôt is double its former size; and the new narrow-gauge railroad is nearly finished. It starts from the rear of the Sea-shore House, and half a mile distant it diverges to the beach, giving an unobstructed view of the ocean for four miles and a half, to the terminus at Saco.

August 17 is the time announced for the camp-meeting at Ocean Grove.

Are the free baths of the city popular? Figures will tell. During the last week in June, 161,169 persons enjoyed the benefits of these excellent establishments.

It is said in foreign journals that the *Vega*, which carried Professor Nordenskjöld on his celebrated voyage around Asia, is worm-eaten through and through, and will probably be broken up.

Coney Island now boasts of another attraction—a pretty little theatre.

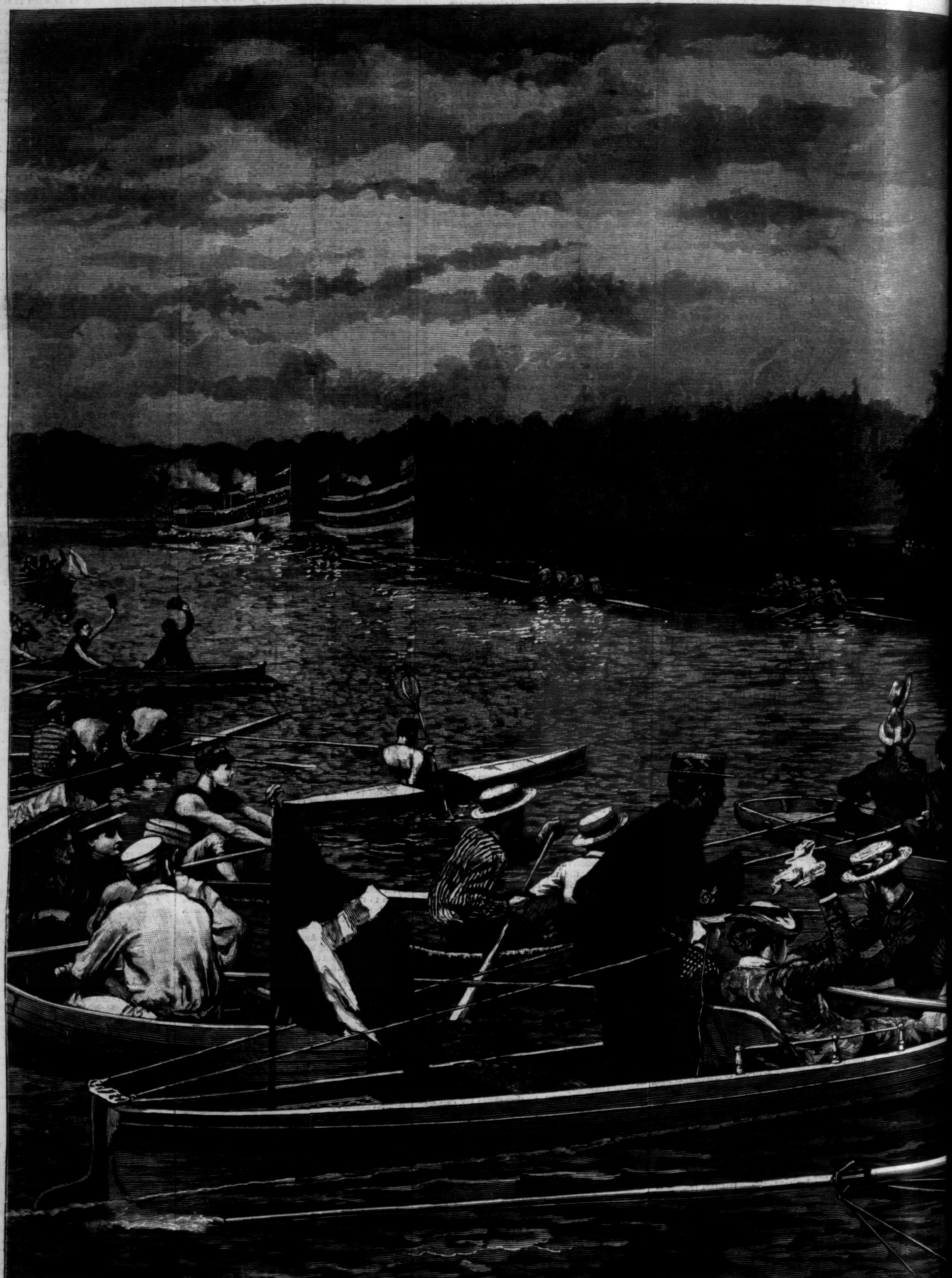
A fast of forty days and nights may be an interesting experiment, and if one was cast on a barren island, and compelled thus to test his endurance, it would be commendable to strive to hold out to the end. But Dr. Tanner's experiment scarcely seems to be demanded in the interests of science.

Gentlemen *do* care something about their dress, although they are fond of giving ladies the credit of doing all the caring and thinking upon that subject. At the recent Booth breakfast the matter of dress gave occasion for some discussion. The active members of the committee of arrangements and some friends, who feared that otherwise they would not appropriately honor the great actor, appeared in strict evening dress. But a large majority of the guests wore frock-coats, with light trousers and scarfs or ties matching in color, thus pleasantly relieving the monotony of black.

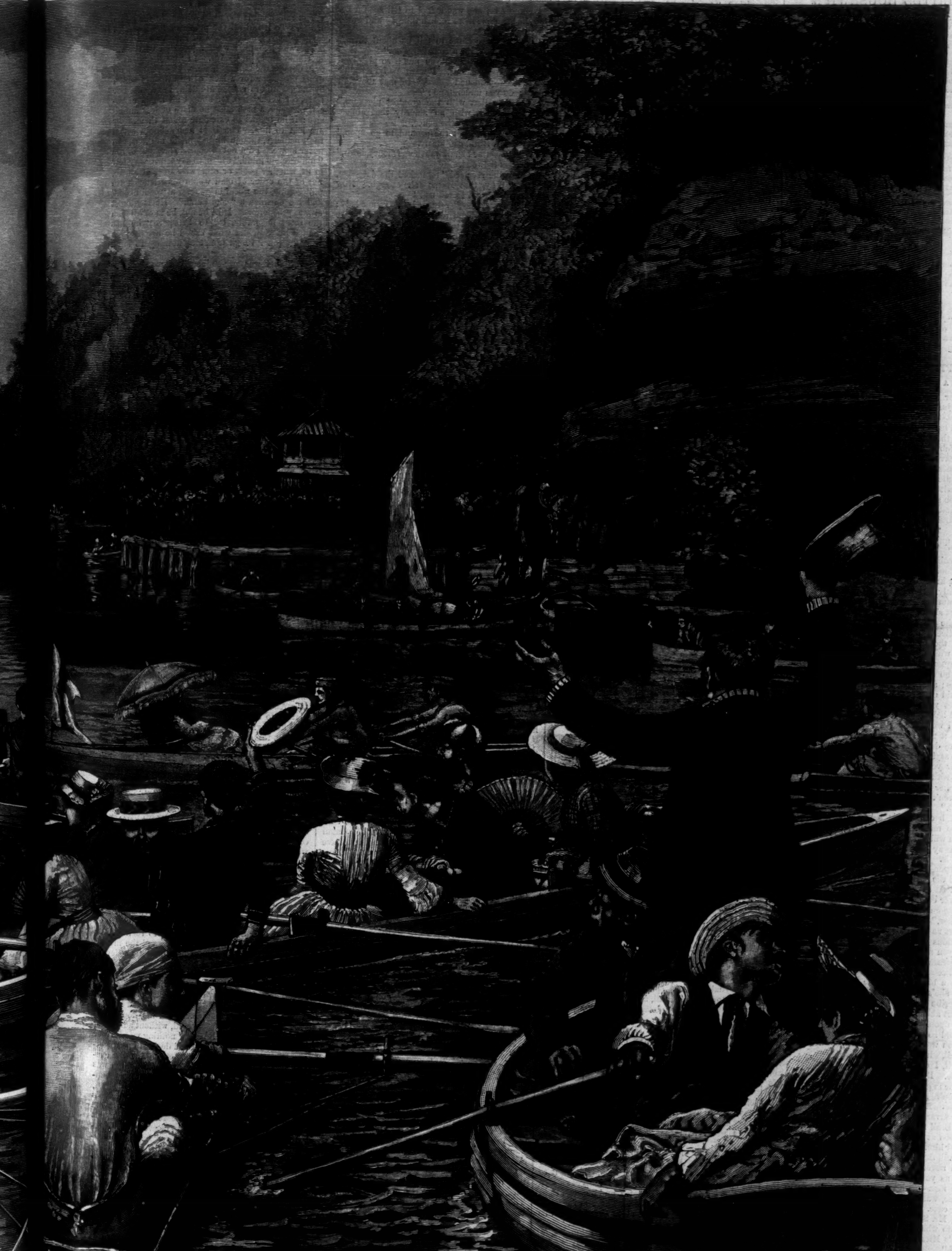
The steamer *Adelaide*, sunk by collision with the *Grand Republic*, has been raised, and taken to the dock for repairs.

The next "new thing" is likely to be glass type for newspaper printing! Experiments have just been made in Paris with glass type, and the result is said to have been very successful. The type preserves its cleanness almost indefinitely; it is said to wear better than metal, and to maintain its sharpness of outline longer.

The exhibitors at the Salon who have obtained medals of the first and second classes are as follows: First Class: M. Dagnan Bouveret, for a picture entitled "An Accident"; and M. Lerolle, whose picture is entitled "In the Country." Second Class: M. Cazin, "Ishmael" and "Toby"; M. Dantan, "Corner of a Studio," and a portrait; M. Urbain Bourgeois, a portrait; M. Julien le Blant, a military picture; M. Besnard, "After the Defeat"—an episode of an invasion in the fifth century—and "Dante and Virgil in Hell"; M. Renouf, "The Widow: a Scene in Brittany"; M. Rozier, a portrait; M. Vernier, a sea-side scene; MM. Vely and Lhermitte, portraits; M. Mouvel, "The Lesson for Sunday"; and MM. Guillon and Rougeron. All the above artists will be henceforth *hors concours* as regards the kind of honors they have obtained; and their pictures, as well as those of the medallists of the third class, are henceforth exempted from examination for entry to the Salon.



A COLLEGE REGATTA.—D



A.—Dr A. B. Frost.—[See Page 459.]

THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

WE called her Matie. Early with the lark
Her merry voice gave greeting to the sun,
For pearly dawn must grow to grewsome dark
Before her round of duties should be done.

Her eager feet sped through the house all day;
Master and man watched for her little form.
Who else could hold such firm and gentle sway,
Or quell the rising of each household storm?

Guest watched with guest the force of that sweet reign,
The soft untying of each tangled knot;
None ever asked her care or love in vain,
Or felt himself neglected or forgot.

"What beauty had she?" We could not have told
If one so fair had ever lived or been,
For loveliness of every form and mould
We thought was worn by our own household queen.

Our lives were guided by her gentle power;
Through her right seemed to triumph over wrong;
Her smile would brighten e'en the darkest hour;
Her sweet "Good-night" was our best even-song.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

A TRAITRESS IN THE CAMP.

THE door was opened by Mr. Brail himself, which she justly considered to be a good sign. It was evident that even the fact of her visit was considered too important to be intrusted to servants. At the same time, she was fully resolved not to be fobbed off with Mr. Brail, who had already endeavored in vain to persuade her to confide her business to his ear.

"Mr. Signet is within, I reckon," said she, coming to a halt in the passage. "What I have to say must be said to him, and him only. You understand that."

"Of course I do," said Mr. Brail, with tender politeness. "You mean to deal with principals only, and quite right—only principals must be protected." He wagged his head, and pursed his lips, and pointed over his left shoulder to the "parlor" door.

"I don't know what you mean," said Miss Selwood, bluntly. She had as many airs and graces at her command as most of her sex; indeed, in this respect she was considerably above the average, but she knew better than to waste them—upon a policeman.

"Well, the fact is, my dear," continued Mr. Brail, no whit discomposed by his fair companion's brusqueness, "you are one of those few young women who think too lightly of their personal attractions; and, to tell the honest truth, Mr. Signet's afraid of you. You wouldn't hurt him, of course, not you; you wouldn't hurt anybody if you could help it."

"Yes, I would," said Miss Patty, vindictively.

"Ay, but that's because they deserve it," suggested the detective; "because they have been doing, or saying, cruel things."

"Never you mind about that," observed Miss Selwood, with a sudden recollection that she was showing her hand, and to a very clever player; "you haven't told me what Mr. Signet's afraid of me about."

"Why, because he's a bachelor, and because you're so monstrous good-looking. Queer reasons, you will say, for his refusal to see you alone ["Get away with you," said Patty, scornfully], but so it is. The fact is"—here he sank his voice to a whisper—"the old gent is engaged to be married, and the party as is going to have him is that jealous that his eyes wouldn't be safe in his head if she ever come to know as he was shut up with you alone on this Sunday morning. And I don't blame her," added Mr. Brail, with a frankness which let us charitably set down in mitigation of his previous "tarradiddles."

"Do you mean to say that his young woman is to be present while I speak to him?" inquired Miss Selwood, with indignation.

"Not a bit of it: no, he wouldn't stand *that*. 'But if she's so desperately lovely, Mr. Brail, as you describe her,' says she (for I was fool enough to let out about it), 'mother must be there; that I insist upon.' Then I said, 'I'll be your mother, miss,' and so we contrived to get over her; for I knew you wouldn't object to *me*, my dear," added Mr. Brail, with confidence.

"Well, I do object; though if it must be, it must be. But you won't find two heads better than one in getting the advantage of me, if that's what you're after." As that and nothing else was most distinctly what he had been "after" in making the arrangement in question, it was creditable in Mr. Brail that he only expressed unstinted approbation at the shrewdness which had thus unmasked him.

"Well, that's a good 'un, Miss Selwood, that is, if you never say another. When a girl is so smart as you, it makes one wish as one wasn't an old man—or leastways, what is more to the purpose, wasn't tacked to an old woman, which is my case. Just walk this way, and mind the step. Mr. Signet"—this he said as he ushered her into what had been poor Matthew's room—"here's Miss Selwood from Moor Street, as I told you of."

"I am delighted to see you, miss," said Mr. Signet. "Pray sit down."

Mr. Brail behind them shook his head sedately. "He don't understand gals, *he* don't," was the reflection passing through his brain.

"You have come, as I understand," continued the jeweller, with an air half conciliatory, half patronizing, "to give us some information respecting these missing diamonds."

"I am not aware as I ever said so," observed Miss Selwood, coldly. "Some people, however, are so clever that they know a party's business better than the party do herself."

"The young lady is alluding to me," observed Mr. Brail, playfully. "I only understood, sir, that she had got something to say respecting Lady Pargiter's share in this mysterious matter."

"Right you are," observed Miss Patty, nodding her head approvingly. "That's the woman you have to squeeze for information: you must squeeze her pretty tight to get it."

"I shouldn't think she was a very soft one," hazarded Mr. Brail.

"Soft! She hasn't got a soft spot about her—except, may be, her *'ed*," exclaimed Patty, contemptuously. "It was precious green of her to let me see—"

"You were about to say something illustrative of Lady Pargiter's want of caution," observed the jeweller, sweetly, for Patty had stopped herself with a scared look, much as a horseman pulls up suddenly at the edge of a chalk-pit and cranes over it: she had evidently been on the verge of letting out some secret.

"Was I? I forgot," said Patty, cunningly. "My mistress wants a good many things as is of more account than caution—a heart, for one thing."

"Then you needn't be afraid of hurting her feelings," suggested Mr. Brail. "That's one comfort."

"Quite the contrary," returned Miss Selwood, implacably. "If I knew how to hurt her feelings, I would; as it is, I can only hurt her pocket—rich as she is, she'll feel *that*."

"You're a good judge of human nature, Miss Selwood," observed the jeweller.

"I don't know about that," she replied, tartly—not that she was annoyed with her present company, but imbittered by the thoughts within her. "I am a human creature, however, like anybody else, though if you knew how some folks have treated me, you wouldn't think it."

"She doesn't treat other people particularly well," remarked Mr. Signet, calling to mind her ladyship's behavior in that very room, when they differed about the value of the parure.

"But this young lady's case is a particularly hard one," observed Mr. Brail: "exposed as she must be to her ladyship's ill-humor day and night, and always having to be civil and respectful."

"Yes, that's it," assented Miss Selwood, eagerly: "I've sometimes felt inclined to cut my tongue out for saying such smooth things to her, when all the time I've been longing to wring her neck. If you could hear what she says of *you* sometimes, Mr. Signet, and especially just lately, you'd feel something of what I feel. I don't remember, indeed, as she ever called you a swine."

"Well, I hope not, my dear madam," interposed Mr. Signet.

"But 'cheat' and 'thief' are every-day terms with her."

"Lady Pargiter calls me a cheat and a thief, does she?" inquired the jeweller, grimly.

"Oh, all that, and a lot more. You were a cheat ever since you wouldn't give her something she wanted—I don't know what it was—but she called here about it—"

"*I* remember," said Mr. Signet.

"It was when you wouldn't give her her price for these very diamonds," observed Mr. Brail. When a witness was discursive, he never cut him short in full flow, but would dexterously direct him into the desired channel.

"Ah, that explains it," continued the waiting-maid; "she's always been hankering after turning 'em into money. Long ago she told me it would be a good job if the diamonds were lost or stolen, since you would then have to pay more for them than you would ever give if you bought them outright."

Mr. Signet glanced at Mr. Brail, but that gentleman's gaze was fixed upon the cuckoo clock with a look of such innocence and placidity that one would have thought it reminded him of spring-time and his boyhood's years.

"And I remember," continued Patty, "that we agreed what a pity it was she couldn't have her cake and eat it too; that is, that she couldn't keep the jewels and yet receive the money for them."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Signet. It was but a monosyllable, but it spoke volumes. Again he looked toward Mr. Brail, and this time with positive resentment. It was monstrous that he should not be keeping his ears open while such revelations were being made. If you have ever been frightened out of your wits by a ghost, with an unbelieving bedfellow beside you who wouldn't wake, and was sure to call you a fool in the morning, you can appreciate Mr. Signet's feelings at his companion's apparent unconcern.

"Then that's the very thing she planned," exclaimed he, with vehemence. "Lady Pargiter has got the diamonds, and yet wants to make me pay for them."

"I never said that," observed Miss Selwood, promptly.

"Of course not," interposed Mr. Brail, taking out his handkerchief, and delicately dusting the cuckoo, as that glittering bird was affirming it to be exactly noon; "that is only Mr. Signet's own opinion; this is a free country, and he has a right to express it—in confidence. There are circumstances, moreover, that tend to corroborate this view. You know a Mr. Harvey, I believe."

"Well, what then? Of course I know him. He is Lady Pargiter's head footman."

"And as fine a young fellow as ever I saw," observed Mr. Brail. "A man, too, I should say, who would tell the truth; and yet he made a statement to me—which if the word of a certain lady of title is to be believed—is a falsehood. He said that he himself had been sent after Mr. Matthew Helston's cab on that snowy Friday morning, which she denies."

"I know it; she was a fool to tell such a lie. But she has done more foolish things—and worse—than that."

"And you are come to tell us about them," said Mr. Brail—"for a consideration."

"Well, yes, or—since you put it so plainly—for two considerations. I want Lady Pargiter prosecuted—punished—*punished*—that above all things: do you understand?"

"We'll do that with the greatest pleasure," said Mr. Signet, with an alacrity that almost equalled the other's vehemence.

"Supposing we get the ground to go upon," observed Mr. Brail, cautiously.

"And of course I shall want some money down," added Miss Selwood.

"For value received," remarked the detective, dryly. "Why, that seems fair enough. Now what have you got to tell us?"

"That's very fine," returned the young lady; "but supposing I did tell you, and you were to turn round and say, perhaps, 'Thank you,' or not even that, who would be the fool then?"

"But supposing we gave you the money first, my dear—say, ten pounds—or even twenty pounds" (for Patty had glanced at him with great contempt)—"and you told us something that we knew already, or was of no practical service to us, don't you think that would be rather hard on *us?*"

"You're big enough and strong enough—you two—to take it back again," urged Miss Selwood; "whereas, if I once part with my secret—that is, the whole of it—I could never get it back from you. I should be done for."

"I have said she was 'smart,' but smart's no name for her," said Mr. Brail to the cuckoo. "Why, the Attorney-General couldn't have stated a case neater."

"The twenty pounds shall be paid you," chimed in Mr. Signet.

"I must have a hundred," said Miss Selwood. It was plain that the jeweller would have consented to this had not the detective interposed.

"Look here, my dear," he said; "I can't allow my employer to throw away his money by the pailful because it is your sweet pretty face as asks him to do it; when we get to three figures, we mean business, into which the gentler feelings can not be permitted to enter. It seems to me that it would be fair to both parties that they should sign some sort of contract."

"The amount to be paid to be contingent on the value of the information received," added Mr. Signet, as his contribution to this proposal.

"You are talking gibberish," said Miss Selwood, bluntly. "As to signing, I'll put my name to nothing, lest Lady Pargiter should come to know of it. You don't know what that woman is, or what she might do in her tantrums. Pay me down a hundred pounds, and I'll tell you something."

"Something that will put us in the way of finding the diamonds?" said Mr. Brail.

"I don't promise you that; but it will be something that will prevent you from having to pay for them."

"That is sufficient," said Mr. Signet. He opened a desk, and took from it twenty crisp new five-pound notes, and placed them in the girl's hand.

"I don't like the look of 'em," observed Patty, dubiously. "I never saw no fippund notes so clean as this."

"It's all right," said Mr. Brail. "We don't make 'em here, I do assure you. Now what's your tip?"

"Well, what I have got to tell you about them diamonds is this—though if you had been half sharp, you might have guessed it yourself: do you suppose Lady Pargiter is a kind of woman to let grass grow under her feet, and not have sent to you for her money the very next morning after the jewels disappeared, unless there was a very strong reason against it? The reason is as she has not got Helston's receipt for 'em."

The jeweller looked inquiringly at the detective, and this time Mr. Brail returned his glance.

"The young woman's right enough so far, you may depend on't," he replied. "And we ought to have guessed it."

"But where is Mr. Helston and the diamonds?" exclaimed the jeweller.

"I don't know; leastways if I did, that wouldn't affect the value of what I have told you. Now if my lady writes to you for the money—which she won't dare to do, however—you have only to say she has no claim upon you. I should like to see her face when she gets that answer. Good-morning, gentlemen."

Without hurry, yet with a swift and confident step, the young lady left the room, and passed into the street. Mr. Signet would have barred the way, but Mr. Brail prevented him. "Let her go," he said; "don't set her against us. It's good to have a friend in the enemy's camp."

"But she knows all about the diamonds and Helston's disappearance. Did you not hear her say, 'Leastways if I did know'?"

"Yes, but that was an afterthought of her own to increase her value in our eyes. She said, plump enough, 'I don't know,' to begin with. She has good reasons for knowing that there is no receipt, but I don't think she knows much more. What she has told—added to Rutherford's testimony—is worth a great deal to us. Though she couldn't have brought her pig to a better market, she might have sold it at a higher price."

Curiously enough, Miss Patty Selwood's thoughts as she took her way westward were running on the same subject which Mr. Brail had taken for his metaphor.

"A swine is a pig," she was saying to herself: "nobody ever had to pay so much for a pig—or the use of a pig's name—as you will have to pay, my lady."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

THE cool head is the great winner in the game of life. To it fall all the prizes of the material sort—money, good position in the law and commerce, and generally what reputation of the respectable kind can confer. In rare instances it even obtains the highest honors. These make up to its possessor for a lack of enjoyments which by the nature of the case are denied to him. For Love, for Friendship, for almost all kinds of social pleasure, a man must be more or less impulsive: if he begins to calculate about them, they are lost to him. The Poet has delights which the Financier, though he has made millions, can never share. I am not of course speaking of the "philosophic mind," which, to say truth, very few of us, whether poets or otherwise, ever attain to, but of the order of man whom his friends term philosophic, the world in general a "cool head," and his enemies a "cool hand." He is almost always prosperous. If he be not, he is of all men the most miserable, for to Prosperity he has pinned himself, and what would be his position with the pin through him, and nothing to stick it to!

Mr. Signet was pre-eminently a man of this class, but not altogether by nature. He had impulses in his time (he had some even now, as we know), but the circumstances of his life and trade had sobered him. He knew how to wait. Men say of a wealthy man he can "afford" to wait, to hold on to dropping stock till it rises, or to depreciated goods till they are in demand again; but in nine cases out of ten what has helped him to become rich has been natural aptitude for biding his time. As compared with their less prudently constituted fellows, these men are like bill discounters who have to deal with spendthrifts. It is only the cleverest of them, however, who are aware how many men are eagerly desirous to get matters settled out of hand, even at a loss, and to have done with bother. Bother does not affect *them*, and they are therefore fortunately ignorant of the jar and jangle that it causes in the whole harmony of Being in others: otherwise they would take even greater advantage of them than they do.

Lady Pargiter was by no means what is generally understood by the phrase, "a creature of impulse"; she inherited the caution and total absence of sentiment of her father, the money-lender, but she lacked his heavenly temper. No ill behavior of his clients ever roused him to passion; one man whom the exigencies of the case compelled him to send to prison (though he had already repaid his original loan twice over) once spat in his face. Mr. Ingot was not a Christian, yet no word of anger crossed his lips. You would never have discovered he had been insulted, unless you had been a Taxing Master, and had had that particular Bill of Costs relating to the offender under your consideration. But Lady Pargiter, besides an ungovernable temper, had been very rich for years, which is a great hinderance to patience. The most engaging of epicures once observed to me in a moment of confidence (it was after some canvas-back ducks), "I like everything good, and very often, and a great deal of it." And Lady Pargiter, though not in matters relating to the table, had the same tastes. She liked her own way always, and to have it at once.

It was this difference of character between her ladyship and Mr. Signet that made the combat between them over Matthew Helston's missing body so much more even than it looked to be. For at the first blush her ladyship would have appeared to have both legal and moral right upon her side.

Mr. Signet's confidential agent had disappeared with her diamonds, for which Mr. Signet was therefore responsible. And if she had not been conscious of at least one flaw in her armor, she would without doubt have struck the first blow. Her not having done so had indeed to Mr. Signet, who knew her character, appeared strange, though, unlike Mr. Brail, he could not allow it to have been so strange that it ought to have suggested the reason. But now her whole conduct was explicable enough, even to her having inspired the paragraph in the morning paper which had so deeply offended him. Unable to restrain her impatience, yet not daring to demand the money from him point-blank, she had used that device to draw from him an acknowledgment of his indebtedness, and but for Rutherford's evidence might have succeeded. It was likely enough that Mr. Signet should have communicated with her, and if so, he could hardly have expressed his sorrow for what had happened, and his hopes that the jewels might be recovered, without admitting his responsibility. But now nothing was further from his thoughts. If he had decided upon fighting a desperate cause, with nothing but the cabman's evidence to back it, how much more was he ready to do battle now! For not only, supposing Miss Selwood's information was correct, had he discovered the weak point of her ladyship's case, but was more convinced than ever that she had the diamonds in her possession: it might have been by bribing Helston, or even by murdering him, but "somehow or other," he said to himself, "that woman has got them." For a long-headed, cautious man of business, it was extraordinary how he loathed Lady Pargiter; his confidence in Patty was perhaps as much owing to her evident hatred of her mistress as to the assistance her testimony promised to him. The accusations which her ladyship had been so imprudent as to make against him had aroused his deepest resentment, for if there was one thing on which he prided himself (and there were many), it was his honesty. This sentiment was quite apart from the sensitiveness with which Sabey resented the least slur upon her husband's honor; he had the pride of the British tradesman, in that he had paid his way, and made it, had not been bankrupt, and had never, or hardly ever, taken advantage of a fellow-creature except in the way of business. Moreover—and this he plumed himself upon more than all—he had refrained from doing dishonest acts on several occasions when he might have done them with impunity. Such slanders as Lady Pargiter's were not only galling to a mind thus conscious of its own rectitude, but threatened his credit. Her ladyship's immense wealth gave her great influence, but, on the other hand, reflected Mr. Signet, if she was only a little more imprudent, would make her well worth "shooting at" in an action for damages.

On that Sunday afternoon Mr. Brail and his employer had a long discussion upon the plan of the coming campaign; for that there would be a fight with Lady Pargiter they took for granted. The detective was for remaining quite quiet, or, as I am sorry to say, he had the discourtesy to express it, for "giving the woman plenty of rope"; but Mr. Signet was eager for action. In the end a compromise was effected: it was decided that no direct attack should be made against the enemy, but a flank movement, and with such a show of force as might draw him from his intrenchments. A paragraph was to be written to the newspapers taking quite another view of the disappearance of the diamonds than that which had been already made public. Mr. Signet accordingly retired to an up-stairs apartment, and devoted himself for some hours to composition: it was a line he was not used to, but for which in his secret heart he imagined himself to have a natural bent; only he was too modest to compose in the presence of another person. Give him solitude, however—and a dictionary—and the result was one with which he was generally well content.

On the present occasion he elaborated quite a treatise upon the annals of his respectable firm: how it had begun in obscurity, progressed through integrity and attention to business, and culminated in "one of the largest establishments connected with jewels and the precious metals in the City of London." Then he described the "system" on which the establishment worked, and showed it to be faultless. One of the precautions it took was only to employ assistants after the pattern of the members of the firm themselves, namely, of the most unblemished character. Under such circumstances it was impossible, he argued, that Messrs. Star & Signet could be morally responsible for any loss whatever: nevertheless, they were always prepared to accept their responsibilities, however gigantic, which the extent of their resources enabled them to do. As to the mysterious disappearance, however, of Lady Pargiter's diamonds, a contemporary had fallen into the error of supposing that Messrs. Star & Signet admitted a liability, which in fact lay altogether elsewhere, as they had written and other evidence to prove.

The space occupied by the missing man in this eloquent composition, notwithstanding that it was a little long and decidedly discursive, was about three lines; nor were the jewels themselves much dwelt upon—with the ingenious design of hinting that their loss was Lady Pargiter's business; but as a monograph on the house of Star & Signet it was superb.

Mr. Brail's face said so, as his employer read out the rolling periods in a sonorous voice.

"Beautiful, beautiful," he said, when the reading was finished. "The style is—dear me!"—he looked round, as if for a fitting adjective, and his eye lighting upon a ticket appended to an Aphrodite in frosted silver, found what it sought—"very chaste. I had no idea, sir, you possessed the literary gift. But it won't do for the newspapers."

"Won't do?" cried Mr. Signet, the expression of his face changing from gratified pride to an irritation that was almost truculent. "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, my dear sir: in its own way it's perfect; but for a newspaper it's too good."

Mr. Signet's brow relaxed: he himself thought that there was a waste of force in composing such an essay for a penny daily; but still, a man of genius can't suit his style to the lower classes; moreover, he wanted to see it in print.

"It's all true, and it's all very pretty," continued his critic; "and you needn't waste it, you know; it will do admirably for a Christmas advertisement" (Mr. Signet shuddered); "but it shows too much the source from which it comes. Apart from its excellence (which itself, my dear sir, would betray its author), it has too much of Star & Signet in it. To use a vulgar image, it smells of the shop."

"Smells of the shop?" repeated Mr. Signet, putting the manuscript mechanically to his nose. "Not a bit of it; you would not have me write about my jewels without speaking of myself?"

"Certainly not; not about *your* jewels; but we are concerning ourselves with Lady Pargiter's jewels. It is she, we contend, who has lost them, or got them: you should have condoled with her, just as the other fellow did with you."

"I couldn't do it," said Mr. Signet, candidly. "She's a thief and a liar."

"Just so," answered the other, cheerfully: "but it is injudicious to prove it by praising our own truth and integrity. Put it on Matthew Helston's shoulders. Adopt a tone of virtuous indignation. Why should a man 'poor but honest' be suspected of a crime, because the person who has suffered—or rather has apparently suffered—is rich and powerful? It is not worth our while, let them understand, to defend ourselves in this matter, but we feel that something is owing to the character of a tried and faithful servant—a man we have trusted with untold gold, and priceless articles of *virtu*. I am no scholar, like you, Mr. Signet, but I know the public and what tickles 'em, and while you were up stairs I just ventured to throw together my own views of how the thing should run, and here they are. Perhaps you would kindly put 'em into proper shape."

The few sentences the detective had jotted down in his note-book were certainly not to be compared to the ornate production of Mr. Signet, but they did not lack a certain vigor, which was the more creditable to him considering that he didn't believe a word he wrote. For he still secretly stuck to his first view that Helston had made off with the jewels.

"Dear me," said Mr. Signet, "this is very bald—and—um—commonplace. 'Respectable young man,' 'well connected,' 'stain of reproach,' 'confidence of employer.' However, I dare say I can make something of it—'wreck of a household'—'suspend their opinion.'—That seems all right."

"Then you can conclude," said Mr. Brail, "with your own admirable hit against Lady Pargiter."

Mr. Signet nodded adhesion; he was glad that all his labor was not to be thrown away, and he was beginning to be pleased with this new and improved version of the affair for a reason that even the detective could not have fathomed. His thus putting publicly forward his confidence in Helston's integrity could not but be gratifying to Amy Thurlow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRICELESS PICTURE.

Ancient Bologna, if sedate as a woman who has lived long enough to forget that she was ever young, is not so dull a city as never to rejoice. Once every year it throws its wonted gravity aside, and shows that when it chooses to unbend it can be as gay as any of its Italian sisters. For nearly six days—that is, from the evening of the Saturday before the feast of the Ascension to the night of Holy-Thursday—do the Bolognese keep high holiday, not in celebration of that religious festival, not in remembrance of a great historical event, not in compliment to any time-honored civic ceremony, but simply to manifest their devotion to a picture—the Madonna di San Luca—a picture a syndicate of millionaires could not buy.

The custom is of very old standing; the miracle-working Madonna being brought from her sanctuary on the Monte della Guardia to bless Bologna with her presence, and wake it from its habitual quietude, in obedience to a senatorial decree dating as far back as 1435.

On the Saturday before the feast of the Ascension a priest appears at the sanctuary and formally demands the delivery of the inestimable picture, that it may be carried in solemn procession along the grand arcade, nearly three miles in length, stretching from the sanctuary to the Saragozza Gate; its arrival there being hailed with shouts of joy from citizens arrayed in their best attire, and country people in holiday dress and holiday spirits, intent upon escorting the Madonna to the cathedral, and seeing her safely lodged therein. There she stays, to feast adoring eyes, until sunset on Ascension eve. Then placed on a litter, as fine as velvet, precious cloths, embroidery, and gilding can make it, she is borne through the streets to the Church of San Petronio, carried through the church, and set down on the steps in front of it. All Bologna's bells ring out, the priests raise their voices in a hymn of praise, every head in the thickly packed square is bowed, every knee bent, as the Madonna, giving the benediction, moves gently backward and forward, and from side to side, so that none in the vast assemblage may depart unblessed. The same ceremony is repeated at the Meloncello Bridge the next day, as the Madonna slowly wends her way back to the sanctuary, entering the crowded fane, all ablaze with light, to the music of pealing bells, swelling organ, and well-attuned voices, and Bologna's annual "festa" is over.

According to Roman Catholic tradition, this worshipped example of St. Luke's artistic genius was painted at Jerusalem in the year 34, when the Virgin was forty-seven years old, and in course of time found its way to Constantinople, to be deposited in the Church of St. Sophia. There, eleven centuries after it left the saint's easel, it was seen by a pilgrim named Eutemio. As he gazed at the venerable work in ecstatic admiration, a still small voice within him whispered, "Take the holy picture to the Monte della Guardia." Being as honest as he was pious, Eutemio did not dream of obeying the behest by taking surreptitious possession, but went boldly to the custodians of the treasures of St. Sophia, and told them of the mysterious command. Without demur, they surrendered the picture to his keeping, he voluntarily undertaking to restore it to its accustomed place should he fail to find its Heaven-appointed home.

It may seem strange that Eutemio should have been left utterly in the dark respecting the geographical position of the Monte della Guardia; but so it was; and the pilgrim patiently plodded from land to land, until, weary of wandering aimlessly about the world, he resolved to take himself and his sacred charge to Rome, in hope of there obtaining some enlightenment on the subject.

It was a happy thought. Hardly had he entered the city ere he met one of its senators, rejoicing in the alliterative appellation of Pascipovero Pascipoveri, and showed him the painting, moving the senator to such admiration that he would gladly have bought it at the bearer's own price. Faithful to his mission, Eutemio declared he would not part with his precious burden for the wealth of the world: he must take it to the Monte della Guardia. "The Monte della Guardia!" exclaimed the astonished connoisseur. "That is the hill near my native place, Bologna." Then Eutemio fell upon his knees and thanked Heaven for the opportune meeting.

He lost no time in making his way to Bologna, where Bishop Gerardo, advised of his coming by Pascipovero Pascipoveri, prepared such a reception that Eutemio felt his pains and perseverance were well rewarded by the enthusiastic greetings of the Bolognese, who waited to attend the Madonna di San Luca to the hermitage, on the summit of the Monte della Guardia, to be consigned to the care of the hermitesses Azzolina and Beatrice, whose installation as its guardians was formally attested by Notary Bilicio on the 8th of May, 1160.

The hermitage so favored was an honored but humble refuge for female devotees, owing its origin to a beautiful maiden named Angela, who, suddenly resolving to quit the haunts of men, fled her home one morning in 1087, without giving father or mother the chance of saying nay. After a long search, the runaway was found on the top of the Monte della Guardia, and as neither argument nor entreaty availed to shake her determination, Angela's father bought a small plot of ground, and built her a hut and a little chapel. Before long she was joined by her friend Angelica, and as the story got bruited abroad, other damsels became similarly affected with a distaste for worldly love and worldly pleasure, and betook themselves to the retreat on the breezy hill-top. By-and-by Pope Celestine II. put the sisterhood under the regular canons of St. Augustine, and, thanks to his favor, the hermitage prospered exceedingly.

The transformation of the hermitage into the sanctuary of the Madonna di San Luca brought it into still greater repute. The faithful flocked to the new shrine with their offerings, and if they went empty-handed away, had no reason to complain, since the Madonna was never deaf to their prayers, but answered them so readily and so liberally that her fame spread far and wide, to the great glorification of Bologna and the profit of its people.

It was probably the last-named result that impelled some evil-minded Venetians to steal the picture one dark night, and put to sea with all speed; but the sacrilegious rascals gained nothing by their crime, for before their ship was out of sight of land their prize had disappeared, and was safe in its chosen abode again.

Well was it for Bologna that the abduction was frustrated. It would else have lost an unfailing resource in those troublous times that will afflict the best-regulated of communities. When the contentions between the rival parties of Charles de Valois and the Marchese d'Este threatened the peace of the city, the senate had the wonder-working portrait carried through the streets, and all went merry as a marriage bell. In 1365 the Madonna's intervention proved equally efficacious against earthquake; in 1436 she stayed a pestilence. A year later the country around was under water, and fearing to be inundated themselves, the Bolognese with one accord turned out, waded their way to the Monte della Guardia, and brought the Madonna into the city. No sooner was she lodged in the Church of St. Mattai than a strong wind arose, driving the storm-laden clouds before it, and the city was flooded with sunshine, as the weeping worshippers fell on their faces before the beneficent visitor.

At the beginning of the last century the Bolognese bethought themselves that such a potent protectress was worthy of a grander shrine, and accordingly set about erecting a new church for her occupation. The third stone was laid on July 26, 1723, and blessed by Bernardino Marescotti, who used his eloquence to such effective purpose that not only did workmen of all sorts proffer their labor gratuitously, but men and women of all ranks turned themselves into beasts of burden, and bore building materials on their backs and shoulders to the summit of the hill. It was not, however, until March 25, 1765, that the work was completed, and the edifice consecrated by Cardinal Malvezzi, with all the solemnity the occasion demanded.

The skeptic who doubts if the saint's eyes ever rested on the picture ascribed to his pencil had better keep clear of Bologna. But waiving its authenticity or non-authenticity, one may fairly question the truth of the story of how it found its way to its present quarters. In 1403 Don Gonzalez de Clavijo, journeying to the court of Timur the Tartar, staid at Constantinople for some days. In his narrative of his embassy he writes: "In this city of Constantinople there is a church called Santa Maria de la Dessetria. It is small, and some religious canons live in it, who neither eat meat, nor drink wine, nor eat grease, nor fish containing blood. The body of the church is inlaid with very beautiful mosaic-work, and contains an image of the Holy Mary, which is said to have been designed and made by the hands of the glorious and blessed St. Luke. They say the image has performed many miracles, and the Greeks show great devotion to it. It is painted on a square board, about six palmos in breadth, and as many long, which is covered with silver, and inlaid with emeralds, sapphires, topazes, pearls, and many other stones. Every Tuesday there is a grand festival, and a great crowd of religious persons and the clergy of other churches assemble, and take the image out of the church to a court which is in front of it. It is so heavy that it takes three or four men to carry it with leathern handles. Then they place it in the middle of the court, and all the people say their prayers to it with many tears and groans. Presently an old man comes and prays before the image; he then lifts it up as if it weighed nothing, and carries it back. It is marvellous that a single man should be able to lift so great a weight, and they say that no other man but this one could raise it, because he comes of a lineage by whom it pleases God that it should be lifted. On certain great festivals in the year they carry the image to the Church of St. Sophia with great solemnity."

The Castilian envoy visited Constantinople two hundred and fifty-three years after Eutemio is averred to have carried off St. Luke's Madonna. A Madonna by the same hand is to be seen in the cathedral at Milan, Genoa boasts another, and Rome claims to possess two; so that it is possible that Constantinople may have possessed two portraits of the Virgin Mary by the beloved physician; but with Don Clavijo's testimony to their veneration for the apostle's handiwork, it seems hardly within the bounds of probability that the Constantinopolitans would permit St. Sophia to be deprived of such a treasure, even at the bidding of an inspired pilgrim.

THE REGATTA.

The spirited double-page picture which Mr. Frost contributes to this number of Harper's Weekly is not intended as an illustration of any special regatta. It is an ideal scene, dedicated to college crews and others who admire manly sports.

LORD DUNDREARY ON GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

"The B's and the D's and the C's, my lord,
  Have all gone to the country to-day:
Shall I pack your traps for to-morrow, my lord?"
  "Well, th-that is the wegular way.
I think the c-countwy's a gweat mistake,
  For there is nothing at all to see;
The wivers are all of them just a-alike,
  And one twee's like another twee."

"But, my lord, the country is patronized
  By Fashion and Wealth and Wit."
"Y-yes, so Dundweawy must notice it too,
  Which is wather the worst of it.
There'll be horses to dwive, a-and wambles to take,
  And the mountains—d-don't have any stairs,
And howwid untidy dinners to eat,
  Without any tables or chairs."

"Join the bachelor's fishing-club, my lord."
  "And go twamping about in the wain!
I twied *that* experiment on mythelf,
  A-and I never will twy it again."
"Then perhaps you will take your gun, my lord?"
  "No, I-I think I would wather not;
The birds are so quick a-a fellah must miss,
  For he never has time for a shot.

"Better pack plenty of fine dwess suits,
  I-I shall follow the ladies awound."
"My lord—I hope you'll excuse the remark—
  But I think that is dangerous ground.
You are very susceptible, my lord,
  And the ladies admire you so!"
"The dear little cweachaws! of courth they do;
  I think it's my whiskerth, you know.

"I-I make them a pweesent of my heart,
  For I'd wather have Love's wosy ch-chains
Than to fall in a wiver after a-a fish,
  Or go sh-shooting, and blow out my bwains.
So order a dozen new suits to-night,
  A-and the countwy I'll twy to endure.
The gov'ment ought to look after th-the place:
  It needs some impwoving, I'm sure.

"If they'd cut down the twees, a-and build it up,
  And instead of the bwambly lanes,
Have weg'lar stweets a-and elegant stores,
  Lots of banks, hotels, and twains,
And bring a nice opewa twoop from Fwance,
  It would be vewy pleasant, n-no doubt;
But why people go to the countwy now,
  No fellah, I-I think, can make out."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A well-dressed man was recently sitting at a table in a first-rate hotel, and was served with soup. He looked up at the waiter, and said: "No, you can't come any soup dinner on me. Bring me some things that I pay for—almonds, salmon, water-crushes, chickens, ice-cream, and that ham with Champagne. Leave out the Champagne, and I'll make it up in beer."

A Western girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Care," and "When I Swallowed Home-made Pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

Pedestrian (*who has dropped a dime in front of "the blind"*). "Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!"

Beggar. "Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

"There, that explains where my clothes-line went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman, as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

An Oil City girl, whose new beau is a clerk in a dry-goods store, told a friend she had got a new calico wrapper.

"My Colt's revolver has grown so old that I shall hereafter call it my horse pistol," said Syllabub, who is very precise as to facts.

When a young class-orator rose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted upon his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.

"Wouldn't you like to have a bow?" said the bold young archer, as they sauntered down the field; and she murmured, "Yes," and the absorbed archer said, "What kind of a bow would you prefer?" She quivered a little as she replied, archly, "I think I should prefer yew"; and then the young man took it in, and although he was an arrow chested youth, he went to the target and heaved a bull's sigh.

"What a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, rapturously, as she looked out over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied Jones, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."

An Oxford student, being examined in sacred history, was asked, "Who was the first King of the Jews?" At a venture he replied, "Saul;" then, encouraged by the assent of the examiner, completed the answer as follows, "Saul of Tarsus, sometimes called Paul."

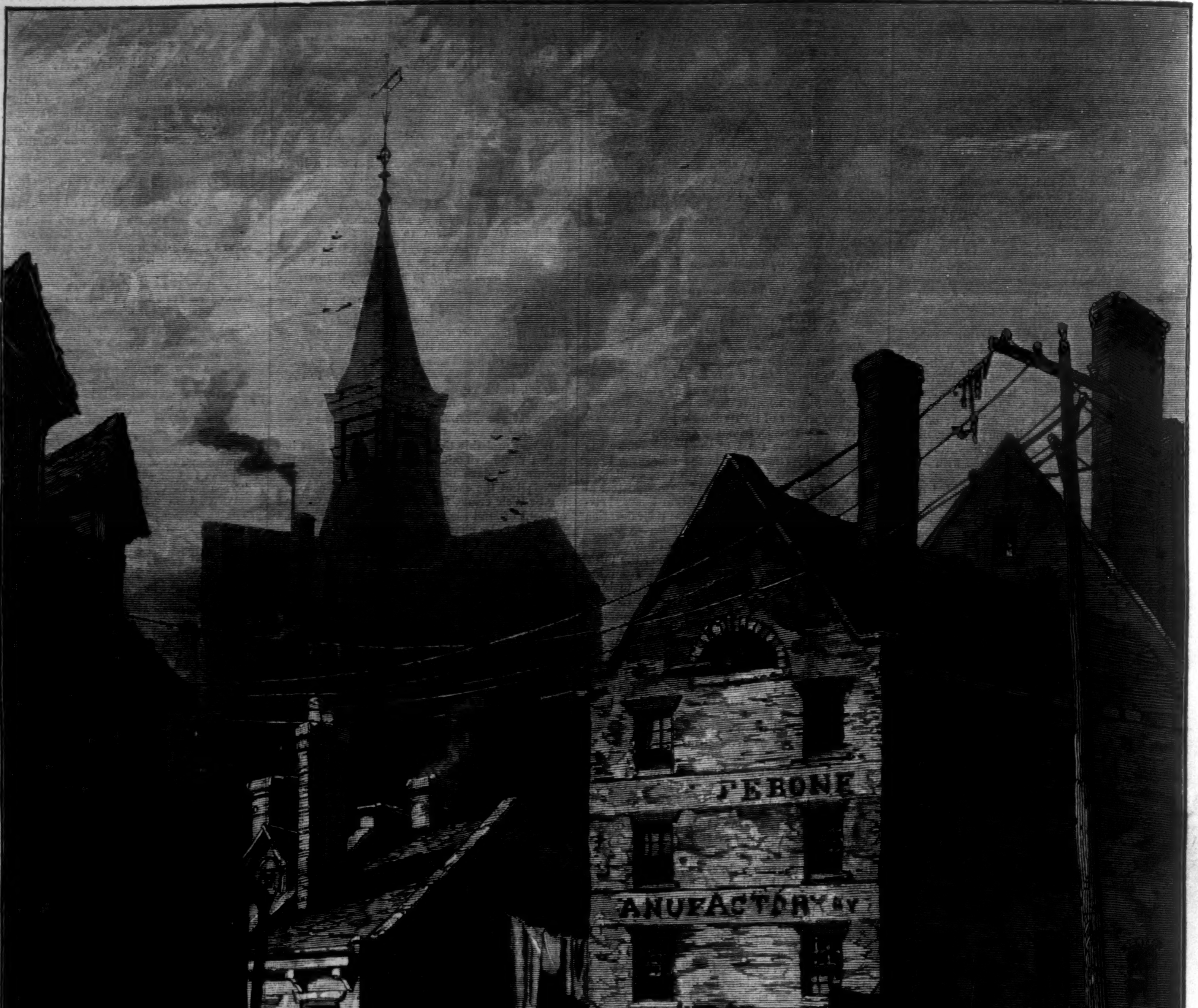
"What's the matter, my dear?" said a kind wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "Oh, I don't know; I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," said his wife, consolingly, "you look the very picture of what you feel."

A prudent lover sings:

"The thrush in the thicket is singing,
  The lark is abroad on the lea,
And over the garden gate swinging,
  A maiden is waiting for me.

"She will wait till she's weary, I'm thinking,
  Though eager I am for the tryst;
She will wait till the bright stars are blinking,
  And sigh for the kisses she missed:

"For her father is watchful and wary—
  A very ill-tempered old churl—
And I'm not the sort of canary
  To be kicked for the love of a girl."


'E BONE
ANUFACTORY BY
ALOMON & BW

THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE, CORNER OF ROSE AND DUANE STREETS, USED AS A PRISON DURING THE REVOLUTION.—Drawn by C. Graham.—[See Page 461.]

A CITY OF PRISONS.

There are few buildings within our great metropolis that even suggest the days of the terrible struggle whereby our forefathers gained their independence. Less than a century has sufficed to obliterate nearly all of them. Their sites have been too valuable, and one by one they have made way for huge structures instinct with newness, and presided over by the genius of trade. Among the few that remain, however, is the old Sugar-House on the corner of Rose and Duane streets, of which we give an illustration on page 460. In its time it was a pretentious building, devoted to producing out of raw material the saccharine delicacy wherewith the loyal subjects of King George sweetened their tea; then, during the awful days of the Revolution, it became a horrible prison-house, where so-called "rebels" were allowed to sicken and die for want of decent nourishment and pure air; now it is a battered relic of early times, frowned upon by gigantic structures on every side, and waiting in hopeless dilapidation for the day when it too shall be levelled to the ground.

In her entertaining and standard *History of New York City*, Miss Mary L. Booth tells us that during the period which followed the fall of Fort Washington, and the subsequent occupation of Manhattan Island by the British, "the city became emphatically a city of prisons. Every available building was transformed into a dungeon for the soldiers of the American army, who, under the supervision of the infamous Provost-Marshal Cunningham, with his deputy O'Keefe, and the Commissaries Loring, Sproat, and others, were treated with almost incredible barbarity." The garrison of Fort Washington surrendered to General Howe by capitulation on the 16th of November, 1776. The terms were that the fort should be surrendered, the troops considered prisoners of war, and that the American officers should keep their baggage and side-arms. These articles were signed, and afterward published in the New York papers. "We were marched to New York," says Oliver Woodruff, one of the garrison, "and went to different prisons: eight hundred and sixteen went into the New Bridewell, I among the rest, some into the Sugar-House, others into the Dutch Church. On Thursday morning they brought us a little provision, which was the first morsel we got to eat or drink after eating our breakfast on Saturday morning. We never drew as much provision for three days' allowance as a man would eat at a common meal. I was there three months during that inclement season, and never saw any fire except what was in the lamps of the city. There was not a pane of glass in the windows, and nothing to keep out the cold except the iron grates."

The prisoners taken in the battle near Brooklyn in August and at Fort Washington amounted to nearly four thousand. These were all collected in New York, and the only prisons were the "New Bridewell" and the "New Jail." Beside them were probably not less than a thousand private citizens, arrested by the British on suspicion of their being in sympathy with the revolutionists, so that at the close of the year there were at least five thousand captives in the power of the invaders. The jails were, of course, incapable of holding such a number, and the three spacious sugar-houses then in the city, some of the Dissenting churches, Columbia College, and the Hospital were all used as prisons. Van Cortlandt's sugar-house, which stood on the northwest corner of Trinity Church yard, Rhinelander's (the one in our engraving), and that in Liberty Street, long since demolished, were filled. The North Dutch Church on William Street, between Fulton and Ann, was made to contain eight hundred persons, after taking out the pews, and placing a floor across from gallery to gallery. For about two months several hundred prisoners were huddled together in the Middle Dutch Church, when they were removed in order to convert the building into a riding-school. The "Brick Church," in the triangle between Park Row, Beekman, and Nassau streets, was used for a prison a short time, but was finally converted into a hospital. The old City Hall was converted into a guard-house for the main guard of the city. Beneath it were dungeons, wherein civil officers, and afterward whalemen and marauders, were confined.

The most notorious dungeon, perhaps, of all was the New Jail, or Provost, so called from having been the head-quarters of the infamous Cunningham, the Provost-Marshal of the Revolution. Through the influence of General Gage he had succeeded to this post on the retirement of William Jones, in 1775, and from the fact that he retained it to the close of the war, it would appear that his conduct was pleasing to his superiors. Cunningham had been one of the "Liberty Boys," but had abandoned the patriot cause in favor of loyalty. On the anniversary of the repeal of 1775 he was severely routed in a struggle with his former fellows under the shadow of the famous Liberty Pole, and his vengeance seems never to have sated itself. The most distinguished of the American prisoners were placed under his charge, among others, Ethan Allen. Several of the officers who had been released upon parole were arrested upon frivolous pretext, and these Cunningham treated with the greatest inhumanity. They were thrown into dungeons with the vilest criminals, and their brutal jailer amused himself in devising means to make their situation intolerable. Occasionally he would entertain young English officers, who were his frequent guests, by parading at the conclusion of their orgies his helpless prisoners as specimens of the American army. Not content with seeing them die a slow death of starvation, he is said to have poisoned many by mingling a preparation of arsenic with their food; then continued to draw their rations as before, giving rise to the sarcasm that he fed the dead and starved the living. He is said to have boasted that he had killed more rebels than had been slain by all the king's forces in America. "The cruelty practiced toward the inmates of the Provost and the other prisons of the city," writes Miss Booth, "rivals all that may be found in the annals of Christendom, and stamps the general who permitted it with far deeper disgrace than the subordinate who was only the instrument of his will."

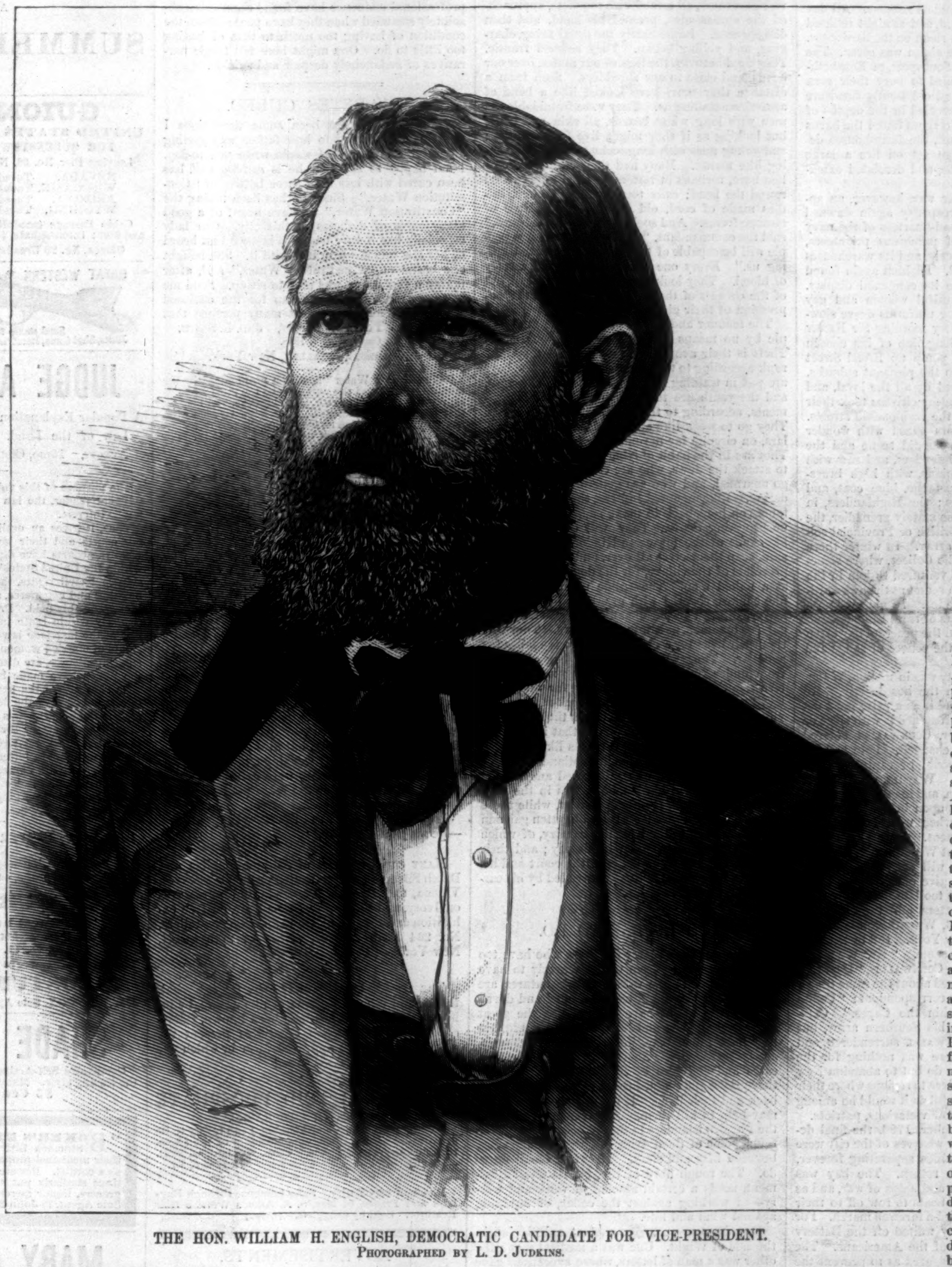
It was the unanimous opinion of the American officers that General Howe perfectly understood the condition of the private soldiers, and they argued that it was exactly such as he and his council had devised. After General Washington's success in the Jerseys the obduracy and malevolence of the royalists subsided in some measure. The surviving prisoners were ordered to be sent out in exchange, but several of them fell down dead in the streets while attempting to walk to the vessels. Washington wrote to Howe: "It is a fact not to be questioned that the usage of our prisoners, while in your possession, the privates at least, was such as could not be justified. This was proclaimed by the concurrent testimony of all who came out. Their appearance sanctified the assertion, and melancholy experience in the speedy death of a large part of them stamped it with infallible certainty." To this Howe, as if in mockery, replied that they had been kept in "airy roomy buildings," on the same fare as his own soldiers.

The sufferings of American captives in British hulks were greater than even those in the prisons on land. The prison-ships were intended for seamen taken on the ocean, yet in some cases soldiers were confined in them. The first vessels used for the purpose were the transports in which cattle and other stores were brought by the British in 1776. These lay in Gravesend Bay, and there many of the prisoners taken in the battle near Brooklyn were confined until the British took possession of New York, when they were removed to prisons in the city, and the transports were anchored in the Hudson and East rivers. In 1778 the hulks of decaying ships were moored in the Wallabout, or Wallebocht, a sheltered bay on Long Island, where the present Navy-yard is. Within a dozen or more vessels of this character hundreds of American seamen were confined. The sufferings of these captives were intense, and in 1779 they set fire to two of them, hoping to secure liberty or death. Freneau, a poet of the period, who was confined on the *Scorpion*, writes:

> "Here doomed to toil, or founder in the tide,
> At the moist pumps incessantly we plied;
> Here doomed to starve, like famished dogs we tore
> The scant allowance that our tyrants bore.
> When to the ocean dives the western sun,
> And the scorched Tories fire their evening gun,
> *Down, rebels, down!* the angry Scotchmen cry,
> *Damned dogs descend, or by our broadswords die!*
> Hail, dark abode! What can with thee compare?
> Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stagnant air.
> Swift from the guarded decks we rushed along,
> And vainly sought repose, so vast our throng.
> Three hundred wretches here, denied all light,
> In crowded mansions pass the infernal night.
> Some for a bed their tattered vestments join,
> And some on chests and some on chairs recline.
> Shut from the blessings of the evening air,
> Pensive we lay with mingled corpses there;
> Meagre and wan and scorched with heat below,
> We looked like ghosts ere death had made us so."

In 1780, the *Jersey*, originally a 64-gun ship, but, because unfit for service, dismantled in 1776, was placed in the Wallabout, and used as a prison-ship until the close of the war, when she was left to decay on the spot where her victims had suffered. She had been long unseaworthy, her masts and rigging gone, her figure-head broken off, and her whole appearance singularly repulsive. Yet on board the *Jersey* were confined 1200 captured seamen. She was never, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, "cleansed, and lay in that condition seven years. No fires warmed her occupants in winter, no screen sheltered them from the August sun; no physician visited the sick, no clergyman consoled the dying there. Poor and scanty food, the want of clothing, cleanliness, and exercise, and raging diseases that never ceased their ravages, made the *Jersey* a scene of human suffering to which the Black Hole of Calcutta might favorably compare. Benevolent Tories would sometimes convey by stealth food or clothing to her unhappy inmates; but this was little. Toward the close of the war the British, from shame or pity, made some improvement in her condition; but she remained throughout the contest a centre of sickness and death, always decimated by disease, and always replenished with new victims. The bones of her dead, estimated at 11,000, lie buried on the Brooklyn shore."

But while affairs, says the writer already quoted, were in such a condition as this among the prisoners, matters were not going altogether smoothly among the British. Wines and malt liquors abounded, but the plainer wants of the table could scarcely be supplied. When the Cork fleet was kept back by temporary winds, the necessaries of life could scarcely be supplied. Flour rose to twenty shillings a hundred, and butter to seven shillings a pound. Fire-wood was often unattainable. The rich shivered in their costly dwellings for want of coal and wood. In vain did Sir Henry Clinton issue proclamations to the farmers of Long Island, directing them to send in their wood, and offering them extravagant prices; in vain did he send out parties to cut down the forests on the large estates of William



THE HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.
Photographed by L. D. Judkins.

Floyd and William Smith, the patroons of Long Island; the demand for fuel could not be supplied, and even the Baroness Reidesel, the caressed of all the army, shivered for cold in her splendid apartments. Provisions of all kinds were equally scarce. The rich still endeavored to keep up their six courses and their three side services, their profusion of fish, flesh, and fowl; but at length their resources failed. Many articles of food could no longer be had, others were so dear as to exhaust the means of the wealthiest. Fifty dollars, the Baroness Reidesel complains, would not feed a small family two days. Sir Henry Clinton invited, entreated, or commanded the farmers to send in provisions; but Long Island and Staten Island could no longer feed New York. War had checked their productiveness. Foraging parties were sent out by the royal commanders, but they brought little back; the rebels destroyed or hid their provisions at their approach. Sentinels on the watch for the royal marauders lined the shores of Connecticut and the Jerseys even in the coldest seasons. All day they paced the chilly round, and at night relieved each other, lying down to sleep on the bare snow. At sight of the enemy the alarm was given. The farmers of Westport and Southport, of Elizabethtown and Rahway, hastened to bury their corn and oats in the snow; and old family furniture was carried away and concealed in the depths of the forest. The British foragers found the barns empty, the cattle driven off, the farm-houses deserted; and in their rage set on fire a large number of old homesteads, and desolated extensive districts.

Toward the close of the war, however, an appearance of business prosperity again dawned upon New York. The head-quarters of the navy and army, the resort of numerous privateers, money flowed into its streets, and its warehouses were abundantly supplied. Fashion again found the wherewithal to make its congenial display. Coaches filled with beautiful women and gay young officers in glittering uniforms drove slowly out to the fields. Every morning Sir Henry Clinton, escorted by a long line of his chosen friends, rode in military pomp up Broad Street and through Broadway to the pleasant suburbs. His example was followed by all the loyal, and troops of officers and wealthy citizens took their morning drives through the fashionable streets. The untravelled spectators gazed with wonder and admiration at the splendid scene and the motley throng of their defenders, and saw with curious delight the Hessians, with high brass-enamelled cap, black mustache, blue coat, and yellow vest and breeches; the Highlanders, in bonnet, plaid, and kilt; the stately grenadier, the uncouth Yager, and the British or Provincial soldiers shining in military array. In winter there were skating parties on the Collect, where sometimes the rebel prisoners ventured to join in the amusement, and smiled in secret at the awkwardness of the British on the ice. Mimic fox-hunts at times recalled the sports of rural England, and evening boating parties on the peaceful bay often filled all the scene with the echoes of songs and distant flutes.

But while all this gayety was in motion, Washington had his eye upon the hostile city. He hovered continually around it as a prize most desirable, and constantly threatened it with siege or assault. When, however, Cornwallis entered Virginia, his plans were changed. Fate had decreed that New York should be captured upon the banks of the James. Washington kept Sir Henry in perpetual alarm, and his fears of an attack, so constantly dwelt upon in his letters, become almost ludicrous when we remember the real designs of his opponent. June 11, Clinton writes to Cornwallis that Washington, with the French and the militia, will soon besiege New York, and directs that active officer to send him re-enforcements ere it be too late. By July 8 he has intercepted more letters, and the danger is drawing near. August 3, Washington is looked for every moment in New York. But by September 2 the dénouement came. "Mr. Washington," writes Sir Henry to Cornwallis, "is marching south," and he received about the same time a short dispatch from his correspondent: "Comte de Grasse's fleet is within the Capes." Clinton prepared to relieve his Southern army, but the end had come. Cornwallis surrendered, and the war was over. There was nothing for the pleasure-loving Tories to do but to abandon New York and betake themselves to regions where their presence was not so hateful as it would be among the long-suffering, but now victorious, patriots.

On the 25th of November, 1783, the final departure took place. The wharves of the city were filled with weeping families separating forever, and exiles hopeless of return. The bay was crowded with transports and ships of war, and as the loyalists entered the boats to row off to their vessels, their bands played a farewell march. For a moment the long array waited off the Battery to witness the entrance of the Americans. The flag-staff had been so prepared as to prevent the patriot bands from using it. Nothing daunted, however, an active climber, whose name we do not know, covered himself with ashes and soon rose to the top. The flag of the new-born nation streamed upon the air, and a series of triumphant cheers sped the British on the homeward way.

The "Old Sugar-House," depicted by our artist, stands in a part of New York rarely visited except by people who have business in that vicinity. It is as picturesque as ruin, dirt, and squalor can make it. Entering the gateway on the left, one may see the old door of the building, still furnished with prison bars. As we stand before it we look upon almost the same surroundings which met the gaze of the wretched prisoners of the Revolution, the starved and dying victims of British cruelty, whose lives were a noble sacrifice to liberty. Among the few relics of the Revolution now remaining, this is one of the most interesting because of its tragic associations.

MOORISH ROBBERS.

"What kind of people are the Beni-Hassan?" demanded De Amicis, a member of the Italian embassy to the Moors, referring to the approaching company of wild horsemen who were to escort them through the next province.

"Thieves and murderers," replied the interpreter; "faces from the other world; the worst crew in Morocco."

And naturally the signor's curiosity was excited to the uttermost when they were expecting the arrival of their robber escort.

The faces from another world were not long in coming. We saw in advance a great cloud of dust, and in a few minutes were surrounded by a throng of three hundred mounted savages in green, yellow, white, violet, and scarlet, ragged, dishevelled, and panting, as if they had just come out of a fray. In the midst of the thick dust they raised we could discern their governor—a long-haired, black-bearded giant, who, followed by two hoary vice-governors, all armed with muskets, approached the ambassador, pressed his hand, and then disappeared. Immediately the usual firing, charging, and yelling began. They seemed frantic. They fired between the legs of our mules, over our heads, and close to our shoulders. Seen from a distance they must have looked like a band of assassins assailing us. They were formidable old men with long white beards, all skin and bone, but looking as if they might live for centuries; and young men with long locks of black hair flying like manes. Many had their chests more or less bare, turbans in tatters, and red rags twisted round the head; *caics* torn, saddles broken, bridles made of cord, old sabres and poniards of strange forms. And such faces! "It is absurd," said the commandant, "to suppose that these people will be capable of the self-sacrifice of not killing us." Every one of these faces told a story of blood. They looked at us as they passed, out of the corners of their eyes, as if to hide the impression of their glance.

The manner and morals of this unpleasant people by no means belied their villainous looks. Theft is their avowed profession, and they take rank according to their dexterity in it. The boys are put in training from their most tender ages, and the youth are told off to particular departments, according to the capabilities they develop. They go to work like an organized gang of burglars, on circuits far beyond their immediate beat. They are in the habit of lying in wait in the towns to attack the Jews, who are compelled by law to go unarmed, and who are generally worth plundering. Like mounted Indians, they go great distances on horseback to make sudden descents on unsuspecting *duars*. They will dismount, and, like some of the low-caste Hindoos, strip to the skin, soap themselves all over, and slip within the precincts of the village, for the dogs will not bark at a naked man. They glide upon the ground like snakes, covered with grass, with straw, with leaves, dressed in sheep-skins, disguised as beggars, as madmen, as saints, as soldiers. They will risk their lives for a chicken, and go ten miles for a dollar. They will even steal a bag of money from under the head of a sleeping man. They terrorize the surrounding country far and near, levying heavy contributions of black-mail on the villages that derive exemption from their depredations. It may be said, no doubt, that it is not so very long since gentlemen caterans like Rob Roy drove a flourishing business in Scotland. But, at all events, Rob Roy was proscribed and hunted down, and he had his head-quarters in the fastnesses of a remote Highland district, while these Moorish robbers thrive on their ill-gotten gains in a country open to the irregular cavalry, of which their Emperor has so many in his pay; and their bands infest the roads between the court and his capitals, which are habitually travelled by his caravans and treasure trains.

TOO LITTLE TO DO.

I am always very sorry for those who have too little to do. They seem to me scarcely to have a fair chance in the world. Their natures are not properly taxed and tested, trained and developed. They might have been among the great and wise and good and famous in the world, but they have fallen back into the ranks of the *ignavum pecus*. Their liberation from the common cares and activities of life, on which, perhaps, they prided and plumed themselves, is their drawback and their bane. It is even possible that it may help to kill them. A traveller who visited the Pitcairn islanders in their lonely Pacific home found some of them dying of sheer old age when between fifty and sixty. They had too little to do. The rough fibre of life, for its due adjustment, needs a certain amount of work and worry—of working against the collar, of straining against wind and tide.

One day two strangers met at a little inn in the Isle of Wight. One was a medical man; the other was a man of letters, whose avocations gave him incessant work, and called him into all sorts of places. I expect that the same desire for repose had brought them through different paths to this same quiet haven of rest. In the morning the special correspondent—so we had better designate him—lay languidly on the grass, plucking buttercups and daisies, and gazing languidly into the blue depths of the sky. Charles James Fox used to say that there was only one thing better than lying on the grass with a book, and that was lying on the grass without a book.

The medical man watched him. Those medical men often have a trick of watching every one. Their fellow-creatures are their books, and they get into the habit of scanning such pages very swiftly.

"Sir," said the medical man, "I should think that you were rather fond of lying on the grass and gathering daisies."

"Sir," was the answer, "I have a passion for it. I should like nothing better in life than to lie on the ground and pluck the daisies."

"And yet, sir," was the rejoinder, "I have a strong idea that you are a man who goes about a great deal in the world, and takes an interest in a great many subjects."

"I go about a great deal too much, and work a great deal more than I like. If I had my choice in life, I should lie all day long on the grass and pick daisies."

"Do you know, sir, what would be the probable result of your having too little to do?"

"Well, what would it be?"

"It would probably be an attack of paralysis. To shut up work would probably be to close your existence."

And practically this is a kind of thing which does not happen so infrequently as might be supposed. It is always a dangerous crisis for the professional man who retires from the full tide of business without having learned the art of cultivating and enjoying leisure. Men of the highest professional eminence have found themselves absolutely stranded when they have passed from the condition of having too much to that of having too little to do. One might here tell tragic narratives of melancholy despair and suicide.

DIABETES CURED.

Dear Sirs,—It has been some time since I wrote you in regard to how father was getting along. So I thought I would write you to-day. I am happy to say that he is *entirely well*, has been cured with less than three bottles of "Constitution Water." Since he has been taking the "Constitution Water," we have heard of a good many cases of diabetes in this city. One lady especially has it very bad. When we first heard of her she was down in bed with it. She bought one bottle of "Constitution Water," and, after taking a few doses, was able to sit up. Send me as many circulars as you can for the enclosed stamps. There are a great many persons that want them. Yours very truly, Jno. L. Smith.
Zanesville, Ohio, *Nov.* 7, 1878.
To Messrs. Morgan & Allen, New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

John A. Lowell & Co., Engravers, 21 Exchange Place, Boston, have been publishing little steel-plate engravings for nearly three years. They are exquisite works of art and are from original designs. There are now over 150 varieties, and the demand for samples has been so great, and begging letters from "collectors" and others so numerous, that the firm have been obliged to protect themselves from annoyance and losses on goods given away by advertising the complete sets for sale at cost—$4. The order can be sent by mail, and the engravings will come neatly packed in boxes.—[*Com.*]

Old Orchard House, Me., *June* 18, 1880.
H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
The Old Orchard House having just been completed with two coats of Johns' Asbestos Paints in a manner perfectly satisfactory to me, I would endorse them as being not only of the most wonderful covering capacity, but also on the point of economy and manner of working under the brush. * * * Although two coats were called for under the contract, yet under the large piazza I found one coat was entirely sufficient.
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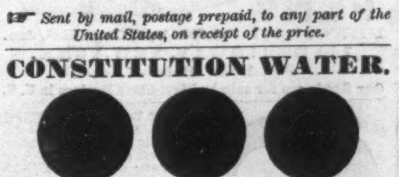

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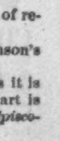

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